

A TRUE *Cal & J. B.*
Ecclesiastical History,
FROM ~~the~~
MOSES,
To the TIME of *John King*
1723
MARTIN LUTHER,
In VERSE. *N*

By THOMAS HOBBS of MALMESBURY.

Made *English* from the *Latin* Original.

The wicked Policy of *blending Creeds, removing Ancient Landmarks, disguising Truth for Fear it should give Offence, and throwing down Walls and Bulwarks, that the Enemy might not take Umbrage at them, have been the Means whereby Falsehoods have succeeded from the Beginning.*

Speech of Dr. Brydges to the Clergy of Rochester.



L O N D O N:

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Eccelesiastical History

FROM

MOSSES

MARTIN LUTHER

IN VERSE

BY MARTIN LUTHER

OF THE



1602

1602

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PREFACE

BY THE

EDITOR.



*B*ehold, Courteous Reader! an Ecclesiastical History, not forg'd by a Monk, nor drawn up by a Clergyman; but proceeding from a Layman, a Philosopher, even from THOMAS HOBBS of Malmesbury; One, who was never, at any Time, sway'd by Schools, nor Sells, nor bias'd by Parties, nor Masters; and in whom (treating upon this Theme) you may safely confide, where his whole Labour is bestow'd, without either Prospect, or Possibility of worldly Advantage.

These Sheets were no youthful Sallies, nor roving Fancies; but produc'd in hoary Tears, and Maturity of Judgment: Our Author chose to cloath his Sentiments in Verse, because the Oracles of Apollo were utter'd in Heroicks; and Pythagoras, that great Master of Wisdom, would suffer none of his Precepts to appear, without the Sanction of the Muses.

Ovid

The PREFACE.

Ovid wrote his Books in a flowing Stile, and others have compos'd their Histories in a Pen much more swelling and exalted; but why may it not be proper (having Horace for a Guide) to proceed in a familiar Way, and, with the same Success, expose heinous Crimes, in a jocose Manner.

And truly, this familiar Way seem'd much more fit and universal, when He consider'd, that he was treating of the Affairs of Christ, and such Things, which were at first usher'd into the World, by the Tongues of illiterate Fishermen: And furthermore, the whole runs in a Strain easy, simple, and unaffected; so that no Word, at any Time, accrues in any of the Verses, which strikes not presently into the Memory. As learned and godly Men have publish'd their Treatises, call'd, A small Manual of the Faith; A small scripture Remembrancer; and others, of the same Sort, in Verse, only for the Help of Memory; so He, considering that the Brain is incumber'd with a Load of Things, (being secur'd as to his Arguments) rejected Rhetorical Figures, and Poetical Ornaments, as useless; and that He every where affects, or appears dry and insipid; but, tho' he handles Religious Affairs, He can sometimes appear manly, and then it is that his Divine Mind shines with brighter Rays, and discovers a Mouth able to treat lofty Topics, in a Way not undervaluing.

His Tracts in Philosophy, bear the celebrated Name of Marsennus and Gassendus, and in His Poetical Compositions, the matchless, and most judicious Edmund Waller is gratefully rememb'red; that celebrated Refiner, nay even the Father of English Poetry, who had always in most singular Esteem for our Author, and who would scarce have fail'd to have revis'd these Works, if the Height of the Subject had not sufficiently compounded for the Lowness of the Stile.

Abating

THE PREFACE.

Abating some small Turns, here and there interspers'd, we find no Tracings of Virgil, Ovid, or the rest of the celebrated Bards of Antiquity: He scorn'd to apply obsolete Paraphrases, and ill-chosen Expressions from other's Stores to his Purpose: What had He to do with Imitation, when such bright Originals appear'd to his View? Who would seek painfully for a Drop of Water in another's Possession, when He may wash an Pleasure in a boundless Ocean of his own?

These Paths of the Muses, as every where new, and untrodden, He delighted to frequent: If in the Choice of his Numbers, or the Harshness of their Cadency, He sometimes appear negligent, know, this was the general Custom of all the ancient Poets amongst the Christians: Other Things may perhaps occur, which may give Offence to the Ears of Criticks, whom He passes by, as not willing in all Things to shew Himself subject to their Jurisdiction.

Should Historians enquire, whence came these Stories of the Ethiopians, of Neptune, of Jove, and the rest of the Gods banquering with these sooty Worshippers, Homer stands as an undeniable Evidence: If concerning King Ergamenes, and his famous Slaughter of the Priests, let them consult Diodorus Siculus, Lib. 4. For the Egyptian Custom of determining Causes by the Collar, and Jewel, the Index of Faith, they may consult the same Diodorus, and Elian, whose ancient Manuscripts Selden, Marsham, and many others, have long since transplanted into their own.

As to the rest, he neither much regards Chronology, nor Philosophy: His greatest Care, in this Part, lies to satisfy the Divines; not that He, in the least, minds the Thomists, the Scotists, and abundance more of the same Stamp; but the Nicene Fathers, the Greek Eloquence, and the Great Athanasius threaten bloody War against our Author.

But

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But this may be urg'd in His Defence, that he oftentimes delivers himself rather in a Poetical, than in a Catholick Manner; and there, ought rather to fall by a Jury of Criticks, than be clapp'd into the Inquisition by a Bench of Prelates.

Yet notwithstanding the Divine St. Hillary, who flourish'd in these Times, in his Book to Constantine Augustus, complains of these same Things: "We are conscious (says He) that after the Nicene Synod, we write nothing but the Faith; for whilst the Quarrel is about Words, whilst the Question is about Novelty, whilst the Dispute is about doubtful Points, whilst the Complaint is about Authors, whilst the Contention is about ourselves, whilst the Difficulty lies in our Agreement, and every one is ready to condemn his Brother, almost none is for Christ; for we wander in the Mazes of uncertain Doctrines, and are either bewilder'd whilst we teach, or err whilst we are instructed.

"What strange Changes in the Faith will the next Year present? This Year decries and condemns the Doctrine of Consubstantiation, the next encourages and preaches it; the Third, by its Indulgence, only barely uses the Word Substance, out of the Fathers, which the Fourth accuses and condemns: Matters are even come to that Extremity, that it is no more in our Power (than it was in those before us) to preserve any Thing that is Sacred or Venerable: Yearly, nay even Monthly Notions of God present; presenting we repent of them; repenting we defend them; defending we curse them; every where damning our own Opinions in others, and other Peoples Opinions in ourselves; and thus, whilst we every where wage War against each other, we are every where destroy'd by each other." And how heavily Constantine himself endur'd the perpetual Brawls, and how displeas'd he was at the impertinent Clamours of these noisy Greeklings, let his memorable Epistle to Alexander,

The P R E F A C E.

ander, quoted by Eusebius, stand as a sufficient Testimony; where he complains, that for small and trifling Causes, by Reason of light Questions, a vain and idle Quarrel of Speech, an empty Sound of Words, Subleties, Craziness, and childish Impertinence, Brother falls out with Brother, and often constrain one another to the Necessity of open Schism, or outrageous Blasphemy.

The same Contentions (amongst the Catholick Poets of this Age) the Divine Aurelius Prudentius sings:

Fidem minutis dissecant ambagibus,

Ut quisque lingua est nequior.

Solvunt ligantque questionum vincula,

Per Syllogismos plectiles.

Væ Captiosis Sycophantarum Strophis,

Væ versipelli astutiæ.

Nodos tenaces, recta rumpit regula

Infesta dissertantibus.

Idcirco Mundi stulta delegit Deus,

Ut concidant Sophistica.

However, the Poets of these latter Ages, perceiving a new and untrodden Field, boldly enter the Lists, not warring against Homer's Læstrygons, nor Virgil's Harpies, nor combating fabulous Chimeras, nor imaginary Wind-mills; but their whole Forces are drawn up against the Monothelites, the Pneumotomachi, and the Homuncionists, Heresies unknown to former Ages, and altogether unheard of in the purer Times of Religion.

And how greedily do these spiritual OEdipus's every where delight to pursue these sacred Riddles, sweating in a new Field of Mysteries, and, being blinded with an

unpointed

The PREFACE

unmounted Light; they strive to soar to the Skies, by a
marvellous Swiftness: Well therefore has the Priest Se-
dulius, in one Sentence, comprehended all Athanasius;

— una manens Deitatis forma perennis,

Quod simplex triplicet, quodque est triplicabile
simplet,

Hæc est vera Fides. —

We, a degenerate Race, are content to follow far be-
hind: That Divine Ardour is now extinguish'd, and, as
we are not incited with such Heavenly Raptures, there-
fore 'tis not necessary to appear so eloquent.

Our Author endeavours to shew, that He had rather
learn true Christian Simplicity amongst the first Apostles,
that were plain Fishermen, than to be in Danger to lose
his Understanding, amongst the impertinent Jargon of the
Nicene Fathers, and the useless Cavils of the Greek
Divines, resting contented with the bare Title of a Phi-
losopher, and a Layman's Knowledge of a little more than
ordinary Penetration; But, Gentle Reader, I will no lon-
ger detain thee: Farewel, and Profit.

————— Fraudesq; doliq;
Insidiæq; & vis, & amor sceleratus habendi.

Ovid Met.



Ecclesiastical

Ecclesiastical History

DIALOGUE

Between PRIMUS and SECUNDUS.

Secundus. **W**HAT News, my Friend, from your
serene Retreat, where they find
The Source of Pleasure, and the Muses Seat?
Are Rural Scenes so dull and lifeless grown,
That thus so quickly You return to Town?

Primus. Those are our Plagues, tho' well secur'd,
we hear
The Sound of Drums, and Trumpets from afar,
With all the Terrors of destructive War,
But You, your self within the Town immure,
In spite of Muses, and of MARS secure,

B

I hate

2 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

S. I hate the tuneful Sisters of the Lyre,
Who distant Dangers threat, and unknown Ills inspire.
You needs must see the Scale of Sense o'rebore,
And that term'd Godly, which was Damn'd before ;
Thefts, Rapines, Murthers, Perjuries and Cant,
Are now the standing Badges of a Saint ;
Where Christ in Mysteries Religion veil'd,
These modern Saints have all their Depths reveal'd,
Besides, from him, who for our Sins did bleed,
All inward Peace and outward Joys proceed.

P. Religion's now become a gainful Trade,
Ne'er Theologick Lives such Converts made :
In vain they Preach, in vain their Lungs extend,
In vain their Notions of the *Godhead* vend,
Their Hearers gape and stare, but cannot *Compre-*
hend.

The Veil's undrawn which did these Myst'ries hide,
Each vile Mechanick throws his Tools aside,
Equipp'd with Noise, and Impudence and Pride.
Says He, my Brethren, learn *this* Creed alone,
Whom, when, and how to Serve, and then you've done,

Except

Ecclesiastical History. 13

Except good Works, his Laws, and Name prevail,
All other Notions of the Godhead fail;
But your grave Doctors will precisely say,
What God will Judge, before the dreadful Day.

One says, all Accidents of Good and Ill
Flow from the Source of his Eternal Will.
A Second vows, they from meer Chance proceed,
And that our Joys or Woes were ne'er Decreed:
So from all Parts, that Brood our Sweets invade,
Who make Religion, or the Wars, a Trade,
Pleas'd with Confusion, up and down they roam,
And from this Source our chief Distractions come.
No wonder, Nature rarely forms the Croud,
Intensely Wicked, or divinely Good,
Compleatly Foolish, or profoundly Wise,
'Till some fresh Artift does the Lump revise.
Pure Nature points the God to whom we bow,
But don't the Method of true Worship show.

S. Can Priests unfold what Nature so conceals?

P. Why not, if God to These his Will reveals;

S. But who are Taught? or by what Raptures fir'd?
Shall we believe these Babes of Grace inspir'd?

First

4 · Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

P. First MOSES came, by Signs and Wonders known,
To Rocks and Seas, and faithless Wretches shown.
Next AARON, and the Priests by God decreed,
To teach his Flock the Paths, which must to CANAAN
lead.

Then all the Prophets of the Law do move,
And Christ the Image of the God above.
Lastly Christ's Church, the Comforter is fraught,
With all that God reveal'd, or Saints and Prophets
taught.

S. Add here, the grand Fanaticks of the Age,
Who outward Zeal by inward Light preface;
And if you'll sum all Heresies in one,
Display the mighty Whore of BABYLON.
God's holy Words no diff'rent Rites contain,
To nurse fresh Sects, or Heresies maintain:
Simple and clear they hold what'er's desir'd,
Or what's by Gospel, or by Law requir'd.
Then to what end do learn'd Contentions rise?
Whence come the noisy Glamours of the Wise?
These Reveren'd Rabbies diff'rent Doctrines bawl,
And by their Discord spoil the Truth of All.

Cries

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 5

Cries one, your Soul to my Protection trust,
I'll lead you to the Mansions of the Just.
Come, says a Second, lay your Fears aside,
To these blest Kingdoms I'm your only Guide;
Thus Reason's Barque by diff'rent Winds is tost,
Till PIETY and HONESTY are lost.

MOSES and AARON for our Kings we have,
None knows what Kingdoms these wise Doctors crave.
God by his Oracles is clearly shown,
And his whole Will thro' every Nation known.

Tell me, my Friend, in Ancient Tales renown'd,
Whose skill in History is most profound;
Who first, with Whims Ecclesiastick fir'd,
Durst boast of Heav'nly Gifts, or think himself Inspir'd?

P. Know ARISTOTLE then this Stage survey'd,
And ev'ry sev'ral Cause maturely weigh'd,
To diff'rent Portions diff'rent Titles gave,
The harmless Fool, and the designing Knave.
A Share in all Affairs both Parties boast,
And which becomes the Royal Purple most?
Whether the Fool cou'd best the Knave defend,
Or the Knaves Shifts cou'd the dull Fool befriend?

Arms

6 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

S. Arms to these Champions are by Law deny'd,
Who, learn'd in Holy Writ, to Heav'nly GANAN
guide,

Such precious Souls no earthly Shelter need,
In whose pure Hands, nor Swords, nor Spears succeed.
Then what will Arrows, Arts or Arms presage,
Can such defend our Rights, or in our Cause Engage?

P. These Enemies, or Arms Icease to Name,
Which raise thy Fear, or Triumph o'er thy Fame:
Far fiercer Foes from distant Realms they raise,
Whose very Thoughts with blackest Horrors sieze.

In Climes remote, another World there lies,
Unlike to this, Unseen by Mortal Eyes,
Where PHOEBUS never darts a Golden Ray,
Nor e'er appears the smallest Glimpse of Day,
There mighty Shoals of Airy Shades appear,
Who nor grim Death, nor dull Diseases fear.
There Ghosts and Goblins, Elves and Furies reign
And various Demons, a Majestick Train,
Who when the Soul forsakes this House of Clay,
The same with Eagle's Wings to gloomy Cells convey.

Ecclesiastical History. 7

" No Laws, nor Edicts can their Pow'r confine,
" Proud Monarchs bend, and humble Spades resign,
" Alike Triumphant led, where Robes and Rags
" combine.

" These are our Foes, these with black Horror fill,
" Awake they startle, and asleep they kill;
" Seizing by Night, the Senses they surprize,
" With hollow Voice, huge Claws, and Saucer Eyes:
" But when faint Light with glimm'ring Rays we Spy,
" Swifter than Thought these Airy Phantoms Fly.

Since then the giddy Rout themselves deceive,
And what the Knaves devise, the Fools believe,
Since Fears of Spectres, and the Ways they're freed,
All from Imaginary Forms proceed;
,Twas no hard Task (submitting to the Rein)
To draw the Monster in a servile Chain,
If some fly Rogue's in Combination joyn'd,
To cozen all the rest of Human-Kind,
When One, another's Learning high extoll'd,
And new coin'd Words in uncouth Terms resolv'd:

Hence

No

8 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Hence Southsayers, Magicians, and in fine,
Quacks, Rogues, and Rope-dancers in order shine,
Couzen'd the giddy Mob, and all were deem'd Divine.
They to these Knaves the Reins of State commit,
Who o'er their Infant Kings insulting sit.

S. I'd know the Fountain of this wicked Art,
And from what Spring such numerous Branches start?

P. Once Heav'nly Wisdom spread its Wings around,
Fill'd distant Lands, and diff'rent Nations crown'd,
And in their Country's Praise, the Bards their Notes
resound.

These Rules which untaught Nature did impart,
(Nature the best, when unbesmear'd with Art)
To earn with Trouble, and preserve with Care,
The scanty Portion which we buy so dear.
Thus for their common Safety then they try'd,
That One Supreme, shou'd o'er their Wealth preside,
By a joint Stock to quell the hardy Foes,
Truth to protect, and Avarice oppose:
Hence Subjects rest secure, whilst Monarchs reign,
Hence ev'ry Lib'ral Art surveys the Plain,
By Ease they flourish, and by Peace they gain.

To

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 19

To Search the Stars, was, then, their chief Desire,
And the bright, spangled Firmament admire,
See what these shining Orbs on Earth portend,
Whence they proceed, and Where their Race will end,
By what great Myst'ry PHOEBUS rules the Day,
And cheers the drooping World with his refreshing
Ray ;

How the Pale wandring Lady of the Night
Renews, and forfeits her declining Light ;
How various Seasons crown the circ'ling Year ;
How wither'd Leaves fall down, and fragrant Blooms
appear ;

Now they survey'd the Stars with utmost Care,
And by their diff'rent Aspects durst Declare
The Calms of Peace, or doubtful Chance of War.

So trembling Deer a trav'ling Hind espy,
Unmindful of approaching Destiny ;
They fly with Terror, or approach with Fear,
Uncertain whether Friend, or Foe be near.
Hence first Astronomy's fam'd Art begun,
To find the Course of the revolving Sun ;

10 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Thro' darkeſt MAZES They their Truths diſplay,
 Where'er the Stars ſurround, or waving Meteors ſtray;
 The Hour, the Moment, ſhe preciſely tells
 When SOUL in gloomy Shades, the Earth o'er veils,
 Or when the Silver Moon her fading Pomp bewails.
 Did any ſhew an unknown Star to riſe,
 He gain'd Applauſe, and drew the Rabble's Eyes;
 If he knew When, and Where, it wou'd appear,
 And ſome quaint Name, for his new God could ſpare,
 Lord! what Idolatry the Artiſt gains
 From Clods with Eyes, but Deſtitute of Brains,
 He's deem'd a Partner of the bleſt Abodes,
 To tread th' Æthereal Plains, and revel with the Gods.
 But choaking Tares in choiceſt Wheat will grow,
 And vile Ambition cloggs our Wings below;
 When They ſuch matchleſs Honour had attain'd,
 And all their Words as Oracles remain'd,
 Th' aspiring Fools to Tyrannizing turn,
 Look down with Contempt, and ſurvey with Scorn.
 To know Futurity they would be thought,
 Becauſe the Characters are plainly wrought

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 11

In Brilliant Rays, amongst the glist'ring Stars,
If Plagues, or Peace, if Violence, or Wars;
Nor do these Quacks with Kingdoms only deal,
And unknown Ills, or hasty Joys reveal,
But private Men's unhappy Fates explore,
Or make them dance with News, they never Heard
before.

Tell, in what Land, what Climate, or what Air,
Cou'd such rare Qualities in Men appear?

There, where bright PHOEBUS scorching Beams
survey,

Where Bodies rise from animated Clay,
Where monstrous Crocodiles vile Brood abound,
With all the Floods produce, or *Lybian* Sands surround.

That Land's in ancient Tales compleatly fam'd
For the first Men from slimy Matter fram'd;
But I, by sundry great Examples taught,
Think Mathematicks thence, to distant Nations brought;
There undisturb'd a clear Horizon reigns,
From rising Fogs, or from descending Rains;
There PHOEBUS ever shews himself divine,
And all the meaner Stars with twinkling Lustre shine;

12 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

So plain's the Surface you with Ease survey,
 Whence *SOL* in Triumph wings his hasty Way,
 And where in briny Waves he sleeps his Western Ray.
 Was not th' *Egyptian* Knowledge highly priz'd?
 And thence in *Greece*, with wondrous Pains, revis'd.
 Where did great *PLATO*, where did *THALES* soul?
 And where the mighty Transmigrating Soul?
 With Thousands more, whose Mention would be long,
 Who Liv'd renown'd, but meanly Dy'd unsung;
 Those Travell'd far, and took a World of Pains,
 To Truck for Arts, and Buy a Stock of Brains;
MOSES in this was elegantly skill'd,
 Before their spreading Fame had distant Nations fill'd.
 Arts first commenc'd on the *Egyptian* Shore,
 The *Greeks* their Pupils borrow'd from their Store;
 The *Latins* then their barb'rous Rites forsook,
 From these their Manners and Religion took;
 Yet *Lybian* Plains were anciently renown'd,
 When *Egypt's* Land in slimy Mud was drown'd;
 Those serv'd the Gods, thought Governments no Crime,
 In Arms triumphant, and in Arts sublime,

Long

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 13

Long e'er the Pyramids their Heads display'd,
Or *Memphis* Golden Tow'rs the Banks of *Nile* survey'd;
These were bequeath'd them for their fervent Love,
And ardent Zeal to the bless'd Choir above.

How many times have they deserv'd to shine,
High in the Revels of the Pow'r's Divine,
With Bays their Temples crown'd, their Goblets
fill'd with Wine?

The great Controller of the watry Plain,
(If mighty *HOMER* may your Credit gain,)
From *Egypt*'s Land first drew terrestrial Air,
First view'd the Light, and fix'd his Station there;
Grateful the God, for these great Favours gain'd,
From *Lybian* Banks, the fruitful *Nilus* drain'd,
Caus'd it by Annual Torrents thence to flow,
And Drown and Fatten all the Lands below;
PHOEBUS consented, and o'erflow'd the Plains,
By melting Snows, and by descending Rains;
From barren Hills in Southern Climes they roul,
Thence fall impetuous down, and every Stop controul;
The rising *Nile*, whilst He his Streams bestows,
Glad ev'ry Field, and Fattens where he flows,
Whose

14 Ecclesiastical History.

Whose Floods with mighty Barriers to restrain,
 The *Lybian* Monarchs strove, but strove in vain;
 Yet thus to Exercise their Slaves compell'd,
 And Rites and Orders gave, which many Ages held.
 What then was *Lybia's* State, and Whose the Sway?
 Sole in the Prince? and did the Rest obey?
 Those Coz'ners, those deceiving Sophists, reign'd,
 And arbitrary Force, illegally maintain'd,
 Whilst Princes destin'd for their Countries Good,
 Indulg'd their Lusts, and for meer Cyphers stood.
 The Rabble fearful of impending Fate,
 Sought Priests to chuse their Kings, and rule the State.
 Strange, that those juggling Knaves such Pow'r at-
 chiev'd,
 Whose Lies were all for Oracles receiv'd,
 Still to Lie on, yet still to be believ'd.
 The Mob, forsooth, were God's Peculiars known,
 And Heav'n's Vicegerent must possess the Throne;
 Thus Heifer-slaying Priests their Game begun,
 Thus Lying Prophets their vile Courses run;
 For many Years did this strange Custom ring,
 Those sway'd the Mob, and then o'er-rul'd the King,
 What

Ecclesiastical History. 25

What was his Daily, What his Hourly Sport,
When he must Sleep, and when to Meals resort,
And, what's amazing, when he ought to Die,
Were all in Rules prescrib'd, by this Infernal Fry.
The Priest-rid King obeys their last Commands,
And falls a Victim to some Miscreant Hands;
Strange Realms, misguided by Despotick Rules,
Whose Priests were Parricides, whose Statesmen Tools,
Their Princes Bigots, and the People Fools.

Thus stood Affairs when gen'rous AMMON dy'd,
And ERGAMENES *Lybia's* Sceptre try'd,
Who scorning that a base, inhuman Crew
Shou'd in his Princely Blood their Hands imbrue;
By chosen Troops dispatch'd his quick Commands,
To rid these Monsters from their ancient Lands,
Swifter than Thought th' important Message ran,
And every Villain of the Gown was slain,
By Reason mov'd, He chang'd the bloody Scene,
The Brave, the Wise, the Noble ERGAMEN.
Now, from that time, each *Lybian* Breast we see,
From close Deceit, and inward Treach'ry free,
Yea, Mild and Honest, to the last Degree.

And

16 Ecclesiastical History.

'And when the Gospel rose, with Rays divine,
Far distant Realms, and diff'rent Climes to join,
Those first the long expected Message sought,
Foretold by Prophets, by Apostles Taught.

Greece in all Sciences arriv'd to Fame,
E'er *ERGAMENE* from *Egypt's* Confines came;
There from one Family the Priests arose,
Whose Blood from *SOPHIA's* ancient Channel flows;
Each Son instructed in his Father's Art,
Did to his Successor the Scene impart;
So long, in Order, their Success went on,
The Knave the Father, taught the Rogue the Son;
Thus one continu'd Chain, for many Ages run.
That Tribe increas'd so fast, the State allow'd
One Third of *Egypt* to support the Brood,
They Learn'd Orations from their Lies display'd,
Which Fame to craving *Greece*, and *Assur's* To'wrs con-
vey'd;

One Custom only claims a Praise Divine,
And will, in all succeeding Annals, shine,

The

The curious Method they in Judgment chose,
Truth to defend, and Injuries oppose.
No Noise, no Clamour did invade the Ear,
No weeping Client durst in sight appear:

No Counsellors renown'd for double Fees,
The first to urge the Cause, the last to hold their Peace;
No partial Jury could with Oaths dispense,

No Hedge-Attorney, by a fair Pretence,
Forge off their Ears, nor sell their Souls for Pence,

Thirty grave Senators each Cause decide,
Whose final Judgment never was deny'd,

All Learned Men from famous Cities sent,
Who from their Number chuse a President;

He the grand Collar of the Place must hold,
Bedeckt with Brilliant-Gems, and shining round with

Gold:

From this fam'd Badge of Truth his Name receives,

Who strictest Laws without Distinction gives,

Whene'er he views the Merits of the Cause

In glitt'ring Stone, with a deserv'd Applause;

These Pearls with true, or borrow'd Lustre shine,

To sever Villany from things Divine:

D

When

18 Ecclesiastical History.

When any laden with Oppression cries
For that, which in another's Treas'ry lies,
And craves strict Justice from the sitting Board,
That such his Native Right may be restor'd;
They twenty Queries to each Claim aver,
As when 'twas alienated? how, and where?
Who are their Witnesses? what their Reasons are?
Each Claimant must his antient Right produce
Fairly engross'd; without the least Abuse:
No Quirks, no Quibbles, no Delays will down,
Nor no ambiguous Terms suffice th' insulted Gown;
They read his Works, hear all he has to say,
And ev'ry Parcel of the Scrol survey;
Then Answers, and Replies by Turns attend,
Till all their jarring Controversies end.

S. Here's nothing rare, nor meriting Renown,
But what's by constant Observation known.

P. The Wonder is, the Sentence he attains,
Whilst in the Court a solemn Silence reigns;
The Priest appears, by ancient Customs taught,
With all the Writings of each Party fraught,

Spread

Ecclesiastical History. 89

Spreads them abroad, and parts them with his Hand;
And then the sacred Collar does expand,
Where, when it hits to one, in Lustre shone,
The Case is finish'd, and the Strife is done;
Such sudden silent Justice I admire,
Against whose Rules no Force can e'er conspire.

S. That's right: But had they the grand Contest try'd,
Before the Holy Collar was apply'd,
Why could they not such needless Trouble spare,
Where neither Right nor Wrong could any wise appear.

P. Dare you thus censure sacred Myst'ries then?
And scorn the Credit of the best of Men?

S. These Men for matchless Scenes of Vice are fit,
And every Sin within their Pow'r commit.
But how they liv'd will not avail to know,
Since each vile Sentence from their Mouth was Law:
But say, if this from *Pharaoh's* Offspring came,
Because the Rites are ev'ry where the same.

P. I know not, but might I my Reasons give,
These Customs first in *Egypt's* Land did live;
Ev'n Circumcision, which appears divine,
First us'd in *Pharaoh's*, not in *Abraham's* Line.

26 Ecclesiastical History

5. Then Truths, sometimes, in ancient Tales accorde,
And *Africk* teems with Monsters that are new.

P. Then, when the Race of Priests were numerous
grown,

And no such Swarms in foreign Realms were known;
In mighty Numbers they to Arts unflinching
Soond's Mankind to know Futurity;

There many Lands and pleasing Towns they gain'd,
So well; Religion was of old maintain'd;

Tho' little, but the outward Shell remain'd
Charact'rs they receiv'd, once venerable Name,

Which would have flourish'd in the Rolls of Fame,
Where'er Astrologer, or Magician came.

But when the Romans *Assur's* Lands subdu'd,
And *Memphis* Tow'rs to *Cæsar's* Fortune bow'd,

There came to *Rome*, with their old Maxims rosd,
And made the very Name and Sect abhor'd;

They, Deaths of Kings, and future Wars foretold,
In Mischief's eager, in Predictions bold.

The first Fomenters of seditious Woe,
Rash in Advice, in Execution slow,

Then

They, the Debauchers of grave Matrons prove,
The vile Seducers of each Virgins Love;
So that Astrologers, and Bawds from Stews,
Philosophers, Chaldæans, or lying Jews,
Jugglers, Quacks, Wizards, Mountebanks, and Slaves,
Are all just Titles to these worst of Knaves;
They oft were plunder'd, banish'd, squeez'd, and spurn'd,
But the lank Vermin still as oft return'd;
The Prince and State, in many a round Dispute,
Lash'd them away, but could not keep them out.

S. Thou know'st how Procrustes, that wondrous Man,
So fam'd an Author, near was counted vain;
Whose *Astronomia* Art was ever found
In Ancient, and in Modern Times profound;
In Nature skill'd, in darkeſt Secrets wiſe,
The mighty Founder of Nativities;
He ſhews, how all that Earth and Seas diſpenſe,
Are govern'd by Celeſtial Influence;
That Riches, Honours, Iſſues, Deaths, or Wars,
Depend upon the twinkling of the Stars;
Think you theſe Stars without a Force can ſhine,
Or ſhed their Luſtre, and their Pow'r divine?
Don't

Don't they, thus far, both Light and Heat produce;
 And dart their friendly Rays for Human Use;
 They change the Air, make Nature fresh and gay,
 Add Verdure to the Earth, and Pleasure to the Day;
 What could our repeated Sights prevail to say,
 And diff'rent Observations then must fail;
 If what both old, and modern Times produce,
 Flow not successive, for a future Use.

P. Who, future Chance, but God alone can tell,
 That brings to Light, what pitchy Gloom conceal?
 'Tis He the wondrous Scenes can only show,
 None but Almighty Power Almighty Works can do.
 The grand Projector of th' *Ephem'ra*,
 That leads himself, and thousands more amiss,
 For all their boasting of his noted Worth,
 Can't tell, one Day, what th' Morrow will bring forth;
 When he proclaims aloud, his Place or Way,
 Which Ideots prize, and he retires so downy
 In uncouth Terms, he seeks the Mob to gull,
 The canting Knave, deludes th' unthinking Foll;
 May all such Villains, scorn a lonely Place,
 Like murd'ring Vermin, that a Warren grace.

S. Why

Ecceistical History. 23

S. Why art'st these Jugglers in all Greece shut?
Where Arts, and Sciences so much abound?
Is such a Land, for such a Brood unfit?
Who taught their Conquerors, the Romans, Wit?

P. One Trickster cannot all the rest deceive,
Nor can the Rogue on one another live;
The Greeks were Jugglers, noted far and wide,
Who sought to cozen all the World beside.
These grand Impostors would no Prophets chide,
But train'd, and moulded to their proper Use,
Old Logick-choppers, in each corner lay,
Who bawl'd for Peace, and led the Mob astray.
Their publick Calling, did to Discord tend,
And Wrong with Right, promiscuously to bend;
To gain the Palm in an unworthy Cause,
And grace less Villains than themselves, with unde-
serv'd Applause.

There Poverty the better Arts did choke,
Since their Subjection to the *Danish* Yoke;
And these were forc'd, their Native Soil to leave,
When ev'ry Person begg'd, and none were left to give.
That

24 *Enchiridion*

That Land must serve the Philosophick Rank;
 Where Brains are lodg'd, and where Purfes hang;
 Egypt, to Greece, no Art or Science brought;
 But what some curious Greek had deeply sought;
 PLATO, PYTHAGORAS, and many more,
 Enrich'd their Native Soil, from Egypt's fertile Shore;
 They strove the best of Nature's Laws to find,
 And left the Rubbish, and the Dross behind;
 The Myſ'tries of the Gods, they sought to know,
 With all the Holy Rites, that Memphis deign'd to
 shew.

Nor could their wild deluding Quirks delight,
 These ancient Heroes, nor their Pomp invite;
 They went, Astronomy's fam'd Arts to gain,
 And measure all the Stores, that Earth and Skies con-
 tain.

S. Whence came the rest, or who did Logick teach?
 Who Reason, Justice, and Religion Preach?

P. In Dialectick SOCRATES is fam'd,
 Wherein one Irony is only nam'd;
 He states Affairs, as if he nothing knew;
 A constant Plague, to all the boasting Crew.

He

He gently noos'd 'em by unseen Degrees,
He led, He follow'd, and He chas'd with Ease :
Like wary Fowlers first the Toils he set,
Lur'd in his Game, and then clos'd up the Net.
So antique Fables, from the Poets, say,
When the Great God of War dissolving lay,
In the bright Ring of VENUS' circling Arms,
Held by the Magick of her Heav'nly Charms,
Grim limping VULCAN slyly did advance,
Spread o'er his Toils, and caught 'em in a Trance,
For thro' the Key-hole first, he spy'd the Curtains-
dance.

Thence SOCRATES a double Hatred gains,
And lost his Head because o'erstock'd with Brains,
He first his Country's Laws in order plac'd,
And with the Rules of his own Reason grac'd.
His own Affairs went right, the Publick wrong,
By the base Glibness of a Pedant's Tongue,
Tho' Shoals of Mob their darling Idol meet,
And bawl their *Io's* loud in every Street.

He proudly ridicul'd their standing Rules,
Call'd Scarlet Magistrates unthinking Tools,
The Judges Ideots, and the Council Fools;
E Wou'd

Wou'd God, the Novice had his Death's Wound got,
 When fierce XANTIPPE call'd him Afs and Sot,
 And crack'd his Noddle with her Chamber-Pot :
 E'er he of Justice learnt to sermonize,
 And solid Reasons from the Bench despise.
 From these vile Maxims Understrappers grow,
 The subtle Springs of Government to know ;
 Taylors, from Shopboards and uneasy Stalls,
 Must help to brush Prophaneness from these Walls,
 State-Tinkers stop Religion's Leaky Holes,
 And gifted Coblers underlay the Soles :
 Fools then begun to pass for Men of Sense,
 By inward Light inspir'd, and outward Impudence ;
 Huge Cargoes of Politick Writings mawl,
 For 'tis from Carrion that the Vermin crawl,
 Volumes of Tracts are spread thro' all the Nation,
 Of Plots unhatch'd, and of the Pray'rs in Fashion.
 Then Laws were judg'd an arbitrary Yoke,
 Made in some Frenzy, but for Order broke ;
 Ev'n Kings themselves, which Royal Purple wear,
 Were deem'd the *rav'ning Wolves* that strove the *Flocks*
 to tear.

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 27

In this black List the *Stagyrite* did reign,
The Founder of the *Academick* Train,
His dang'rous Tenets ev'ry where betray'd,
Tho' he the *Conqu'ron* of the *World* survey'd;
Here *TACITUS* and *SENECA* belong,
And the great Master of the *Roman* Tongue,
With Millions more by knavish Tutors led,
Who dy'd as Victims for the Crimes they spread.

Learn'd in the Praises of a Commonwealth,
Purloin'd from *BRUTUS*, or from *MARK* by Stealth,
Our Villains gather Weeds, and Thistles sown
In foreign Gardens, to confound their own;
They teach ' That Subjects Rights are ne'er secure,
' Whilst any Marks of Royal Pow'r endure;
' That *Crowns* and *Scepters* are but paultry things,
' And *Nations Wounds* best bath'd in *Blood of Kings*;
' The Prince for Crimes against the State should
bleed,
' The Rabble reign triumphant in his stead:
' Strange that the Foot should trample o'er the Head!

Such dismal Tenets all the Land surprize,
Fire ev'ry Breast, and many Thousands rise,

28 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Sieze all the Lands that to the Crown belong,
 Rush on to Ruin, to Confusion throng :
 To set the Nation right, the Slaves rebel,
 The Trumpets found, the dismal Records tell,
 The Prince a Martyr dy'd, and Ninety thousand fell.
 What dreadful Mischief cou'd Mens Minds invade,
 Unless their gifted Teachers did perswade ;
 These are the *Hogs* of ARISTOTLE'S Sry,
 Who Right, and Rule, and Princely Sway defy.
 Physick, and Logick, Rhetorick, and Divine,
 All in the Cause embark'd, and blest'd the brave De-
 sign ;
 All founded Wars, and joyful *Io's* sung,
 Where'er the Pulpits rise, where'er the People throng.
 S. Methinks the *Greek* or *Roman* Tongues to learn,
 Could be no Bus'ness of so vast Concern ;
 Nor a new Language for a Nation's Good,
 When all besprinkled in such Seas of Blood :
 How much more blest and happy might we dwell ?
 Could we forever bid these Tongues farewell ;
 Why were the mighty Kings of *Babylon*,
 And why the *Greeks* content with one alone ?

Then

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 29

Then no *Affyrian* fought from *Greece* to learn,
No *Greek*, the *Roman* Justness to discern ;
Tell me why He, whose Skill in *Latin* lies ;
And that but small, shall be accounted Wise ?
But He that with more Learning is endu'd,
By the ill-judging, giddy Multitude,
Is deem'd Unlearn'd, Base, Ignorant and Rude.

P. That's well Remark'd, there lies a Source of Woe,
From Thence the Fountains of our Plagues o'reflow ;
In *Greece*, Philosophers have Honour found,
E're since the famous Sages were renown'd ;
Their Indolence, like Monks in after Days,
And mighty Freedom, made 'em hunt for Praise :
These read what Wonders Earth and Skies can show,
And study'd Natures Works in Folio ;
No Books they wanted, but each Man begun,
By Nature's Works, to beautifie His own :
To none confin'd, nor by no Mortal taught,
Reason their Guide, and Study helpt their Thought ;
ZENO, DEMOCRITUS, and EPICURE,
PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and many more.

All

All in Fame's Records will compleatly shine,
 For mighty Favours left, for Graces near Divine.
 The next that must succeeding Annals fill,
 Are the great Heirs of their prodigious Skill;
 But Those by their great Masters Art were nurs'd,
 And so the second Brood, unlike the first.
 To Those there sprung a far inferior Race,
 And so these useful Arts declin'd apace;
 But Honours do not undistinguish'd fall,
 They sometimes one, and then another Call:
 Sometimes their very Master's Name shall serve,
 What Sect they follow, to what Party swerve;
 Hence *Stoicks*, hence *Peripeteticks* rose,
 By turns they differ, and by turns they close;
 And hence all ancient Heresies have sprung,
 That Ages past relate, or Bards divinely sung.

S. Pray what is *Heresy*? Report alone,
 The heinous Scandals, on each other strown,
 Make me imagine it, all Crimes in one.

P. When Priest with Priest, and Sect with Sect en-
 gag'd,
 Hurl'd dreadful Threats, and Paper Battles wag'd;
 Such

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 31

Such Tongue Contentions, and such bloody Wars,
Amongst the Learned World, were term'd Heretick
Jars.

S. Whose Laws were Violated, is't a Crime,
Brought in with Nature, or produc'd by Time?

P. None errs by Will, but where his Judgment fails,
O'er these false Reason, or false Wit prevails;
Besides, in ancient *Greek* Philosophy
All Sects were suffer'd, all Opinions free.

These meer Morality would deem Divine,
And shun the sacred Writ, where Saints and Prophets
shine.

Another Tribe, with other Nations rage,
And bloody Wars with these their Brethren wage,
Cudgels with Cudgels meet, and Clubs with Clubs
engage.

Nor were these Combats seen in *Greece* alone,
But in all Kingdoms, and all Nations shewn,
Where e'er three Priests were found, or different
Sects were known.

Fresh Brawls arose amongst the canting Crew,
As far as e'er the *Roman* Eagles flew.

One

32 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

One Sect Stone-blind, with their blind Brethren
fight,

Who view'd an Object with the clearest Sight,
Whose different Humours, Whims, and Follies known,
The witty Lucrus has distinctly shewn;
Whose flagrant Crimes, more fully to expose,
No noted Author, since these times arose.

A sneaking Crew, for Works of Darkness fit,
Where ev'ry Vice, as in a Centre meet;
Base, cringing, fawning, scraping Parasites,
Who stick at no Attempt, where Gold invites;
Dregs of the Mob, a People proud and poor,
Who Widows Lands, and Orphans Rights devour:
True Friends to none, still hated, ever fear'd,
The wooden Gods by ev'ry Nation rear'd,
Whose Zeal consists in Cloak, whose Gravity in
Beard.

With Saint-like Looks, and harden'd Fronts of Steel,
Their vilest Actions they each Day reveal,
Whose Lives, dissenting from their Doctrines, show
Their Looks are forwards, but they backward row.

S. When

Whene'er I hear these Gospel-Mongers bawl,
The *Lapithæes* and *Centaur*s I recall,
Where, each agreed, and friendly Glasses drunk,
But cross'd at last, and quarrel'd for a Punk.
Such gross Reproaches from their Pens proceed;
I Stare with Wonder, and with Blushes read.
Yet whosoever dares inform the Town,
Of half the blackest Vices of the Gown,
Holloo's the Sign, they surely Hunt him down.

He's *Atheist*, *Heretick*, *Blasphemer*, nam'd,
With all the Sects, that ever Mortal damn'd.

No Syren from the Tow'r, to Temple Stairs,
Who trades in NEPTUNE's, or POMONA's, Wares,
Can vend her Fustian in such Terms accurst,
Unless you vex the Nymph, and tune her Cat-call first.

P. Don't you suppose the Clergy stigmatiz'd,
Their Wisdom lessen'd, and their Wit despis'd,
Your chiefest Pleasure lies the Point to frain,
And shew your Sharpness in Satirick Vein;
But think not whilst these monstrous Crimes you paint,
You, for your Labour, shall be deem'd a Saint.

F

They

34 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

They all your Skill in solid Learning lent,
And can the Gospel, from the Law dissent?
Besides, for Bread some at the Altar serve,
Can You their Rights invade, or send them forth to
starve?

So, if the Shepherd sees the Flocks decrease,
Shall he not call, and make the Villains cease?

S. One Shepherd seldom will his Friend resign,
For Thieves with Thieves, and Like with Like combine

P. I grant you this, but where's the Help? The Fools
Are but the Gleanings of the Ancient Schools,
For when the Gospel thro' all Greece was blown,
And the glad Tidings of Salvation known,
Whole Shoals of false Philosophers were found,
(In such vast Streams of Sin, the Land was drown'd.)
Numbers of these, the Holy Church invites
To tast her Sweets, t'enjoy her dear Delights;
A cringing, fawning, sycophantick Crew,
And so the Faith a common Strumpet grew;
For when these empty, starving Knaves perceiv'd
Their Food the same with those that CHRIST believ'd,

And

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 35

And that one common Stock, the Saints maintain'd,
Who openly CHRIST's sacred Name retain'd,
And those usurping Knaves, who inwardly prophan'd;

Then, ev'ry dull Philosopher made bold
To rank himself amongst the Christian Fold;

No Wonder, Thousands follow'd CHRIST's Removes,
O'er barren Mountains, and thro' trackless Groves,
Come for his Miracles, but more for Loaves.

All were receiv'd; How so? because th' appear,
As useful Soldiers in the Holy War;

And such great Chiefs may "doubly serve the Lord,

To fight his Battles, and to preach his Word:

Each was an Orator, and surely knew

When adverse Leaders discontented grew;

A Learned Solver of a knotty Cause,

As ever sham'd the Gospel or the Laws,

Who, diff'rent Views, at diff'rent Times display'd,

For both Contended, and had both Betray'd:

Jealously strove in ev'ry Cause to fight,

And where the Gold prevail'd, was always Right:

From Bench of State, the Church's Arrows throws,

Or darts their Jav'lines with deserv'd Applause,

36 Ecclesiastical History

Numbers of such, the Saints, in Danger, chose,
 For her best Guardians from insulting Foes;
 For Men of Learning ever have been priz'd,
 And by the godly Zealots Idoliz'd:
 The tender Flocks to their Protection creep,
 Thus Heathen Wolves will nourish Christian Sheep;
 To These, the Synods, in all Streights, resort,
 Crouch for their Aid, and their Assistance court.
 For Holy Fathers in that early Time,
 Who in the Saints Assembly sat sublime,
 Thought Dulness no Default, nor Ignorance a Crime,
 Of Truth, and Honesty could only boast,
 Whilst Sophists spoke, and Tyrants rul'd the Roast;
 'Tis true, in Numbers They, the rest out-shone,
 But every knotty Cause, above their Reach, was known;
 Stunn'd with the noisy Jargon of the Schools,
 Logician's quirks, and Philosophick Rules;
 These pious Men for sound Religion fought,
 Whose Hearts were zealous, tho' their Heads were
 nought.

When

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 37

When CHRIST's true, saving Health, should reach their
Ears,
There, *Essence*, and dull *Entity* appears :
Notions, surprizing to th' unletter'd Train
Who gape, and stare, and listen but in vain ;
Not so, the Parents of Philosophy,
Each gave his Maxims void of Pedantry.
The Church is miserably rent in twain,
Whilst each Deceiver serves his God for Gain ;
The Faith decaying, weak, and languid mourns,
And Pagans rally, and rejoice by Turns :
What matchless Glory could to these accrew,
To head a paltry, Philosophick Crew ?
Yet Those they Tutor'd, those they safely Greet,
Live at their Charge, and at their Tables eat,
Such pitchy Clouds of motly Doctrines rise,
Stagger the Faith, and Darken all the Skies,
A thousand diff'rent Dangers, then display
The blinded Guides, that lead the Flocks astray ;
Whilst ev'ry Villain strives to purchase Fame,
Or make Posterity revere his Name ;

And

38 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

And sure such lasting Arts can ne'er expire,
 But must all Ages and all Times out-live,
 Like him who DRAN'S Temple set on Fire,
 To make his hated Memory survive.
 Hence, Fears proceed, Hence vile, intestine Jars,
 Hence spring the sudden Seeds of bloody Wars,
 No Satire could the dismal Scene record,
 But that the Gown must never wield the Sword:
 Then base Reproaches, ev'ry where abound,
 Nor can an end to glowing Rage be found:
 Each thinks his Adversary Turk or Jew,
 Of DAVID GEORGE, or Jack of Leyden's Crew:
 They, blackest Venom spit in ev'ry Town,
 To gain their Ends, and make their Whims go down,
 So fly the fiery Squibs, and Crackers of the Gown.
 Judge, what fine Converts these new Teachers make,
 Who both the Gospel, and the Law forsake:
 Each damns his Rivals, and acquits himself,
 Disturbs his Neighbours, and surveys his Self:
 Whilst Godly Books in gloomy Caverns thrust,
 Are gnaw'd by Vermin, or by Cobwebs curst,
 Condemn'd to Darknes, and o'erveil'd with Dust.

This

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 39

This Priest shall damn, what That shall highly prize,
E'en all his Sacred Writings stigmatize:
Swear that dull Farce, and labour'd Atheism shine,
In ev'ry Page, In ev'ry studied Line,
And that Tom THUMB, or QUIXOT's more Divine.
From such dire Scandals, and Remarks as those,
True Catholick, and Heretick arose;
In Name they differ, but in Fact agree,
Like crafty Council, wrangling for a Fee:
For as the Synod does a Cause decide,
The Catholick is still the strongest Side.

So, when a Land is rous'd by rude Alarms,
Of sounding Trumpets, and of shining Arms;
When Civil Broils a slumbring Nation wake,
And diff'rent Persons, diff'rent Parties take;
Whoe'er kind Fortune from Destruction saves,
Are Loyal Subjects, but the Conquer'd, Knaves.
So vilely will these motly Judges paint,
That the same Man, as sundry Views present,
Shall die a Villain, or commence a Saint.
Yet All, that Christ (tho' but in Form) rever'd,
Combin'd, whene'er a Foreign Force appear'd;
Stoutly

40 *Ecclesiastical History.*

Stoutly they Warr'd, like daring *Amazons*,
 Against the Lands, that bow'd to Stocks, and Stones;
 No threatning Storms, no distant Dangers fright,
 They write like Devils, and like Dragons fight;
 Fresh Converts CONSTANTINE to Glory rais'd,
 He Warr'd, they Sung, he Conquer'd, and they Prais'd,
 O'er slaughter'd Carcasses, triumphant rode,
 And ev'ry Pavement reek'd with *Pagan* Blood.
 False Shrines, false Temples, and false Gods went down,
 With each Imperial Banner of Renown;
 What wild Star-gazing Sot could e'er foretell,
 The strange Disasters these their Gods befell,
 How bravely bold they stood, how nobly Great they
 fell?

Then Temples Dedicate to God, appear'd,
 With tow'ring Pride, and shining Grandeur rear'd;
 The Pastors with becoming Honours shone,
 And All were Worshippers of God alone:
 The Church from Miseries Triumphant rose,
 From fawning Friends, and from insulting Foes.
 The Faith with ancient glowing Lustre burn'd,
 And Liberty, and Property return'd;

Each

Ecclesiastical History. 41

Each their own Lands, and Tenements receiv'd,
Ravag'd by Force, and now by Force retriev'd:
The Church of Christ, had then a happy Time,
Her Doctrines Pure, her Discipline Sublime;
Vast Crowds of Worshippers her Rites attend,
Where rowling Waves enclose, or SOL's bright Rays
befriend.

By Royal Bounty, or Example fought,
By flowing Oratory, thither brought;
Nor could they greater worldly Pomp desire,
Which Kings might add, to raise their Glory higher;
All inward Sweets they felt, and marks of Joy,
Unless themselves combin'd their Blessings to destroy.

S. That sure they did, they oft their Pleasures flight,
Who know not which are hurtful, which delight;
No Lands nor Riches, can augment their Bliss,
Who ever pine at what they judge amiss;
The brightest Honours undistinguish'd lie,
By these Despisers of the gaudy Toy.

P. Should Jove, a mighty Mass of Riches pour,
As once to DANAE in a Golden Shower;

G He

42 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

He ne'er could satisfy their fond Desire,
The more they have, the more they still require;
Should he commit the Burthen of his Cares
To One, ambitious of the World's Affairs,
He'd be accounted, Sober, Grave, and Wise,
Still boasting Merit, ever most precise;
Swear they're conferr'd upon him, for his Worth,
Ne'er once regarding whence they issue forth.

Then some few Years the Church a Peace attain'd;
But dismal Philosophick Discords reign'd:
For ALEXANDRIAN, ARRIUS did contend,
To crush his Rival, and obtain his End;
Some fierce Disputes, and cruel Combats rose
Betwixt those Troublers of the World's Repose.
If Christ was equal to the Father known,
Or if the SON with humbler Lustre shone:
This still affirms Him equal, That denies,
And thence learn'd Quarrels, and Contentions rise.

They broach'd their Frenzies o'er a flowing Bowl;
For Pedants Tongues have then most room to rowl:
Thence to the Church, with speedy Wings, it flies
Down to th'Abyſs below, and up to reach the Skies;

The

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 43

The fickle Flock in Pièces it divides,
And plagues all Corners of the Earth besides.
To ALEXANDRIA's Tow'rs the Venom spreads,
Fires ev'ry Breast with its contagious Seeds;
Soldiers appear in shining Armour gay,
And add fresh Lustre to the Face of Day;
Thro' ev'ry Street, thro' ev'ry Lane, they run,
Frantick with Rage, like haughty PHAETON,
When, as a God, he climb'd the Chariot of the Son.
But CONSTANTINE, for Arts and Arms renown'd,
Who was with Olive, as with Lawrel, crown'd,
Pond'ring alone, revolving from afar
The dang'rous Issue of intestine War;
How in such Broils, which Annals scarce recall,
The Flow'r of Troops, the Pride of Armies fall;
Acted like one, by Heav'nly Counsel warn'd,
For all the Curses on his Realms, concern'd:
He strove to build a firm and lasting Peace,
To strike at Discord's Root, that her Effects might
cease;
Thro' ev'ry Province, where his Pow'r extends,
For learn'd Divines, and pious Prelates, sends;

44 Ecclesiastical History

When near Four Hundred at his Summons wait,
 In Wisdom, Piety, Promotion Great :
 This was the Gen'ral *Nicene* Synod nam'd,
 The first in all the *Roman* Empire fam'd.
 Whilst Rev'rend Fathers on their Benches sat,
 To quell the Tumults that surround the State,
 The King in Pomp appears, magnificently Great ;
 They all rise up, 'till urg'd, by his Commands,
 Who, 'till they take their former Order, stands.
 Now learn to what their subtle Science tends,
 Or where their Philosophick Wisdom ends :
 (If Brutes can borrow a Caelestial Shape,
 Or grave Philosophers these Monsters Ape.)
 Learn, who in Wisdom's Footsteps nearest tread,
 Who *PLATO*'s Morals, or the Bible read,
 Or who from *ARISTOTLE* ne'er recede.
 Read but to learn, and calmly learn to live,
 Up to these Rules, which Sacred Writings give ;
 Unless your Life, as well as Words, excels,
 Vertue in useles Speculation dwells ;
 From distant Climes to *NICE*'s Tow'rs they came,
 To make Religion and true Faith the same.

Of

Of God they argue, and of Christ they shew
What Worship suits for each, what Adoration's due :
Whether the Son subsists Himself alone,
Or owes his Essence to his Father's Throne :
For all these Things they mighty Volumes find,
The Works of Prophets, and Apostles, Mind,
And juggling Knaves, in Caverns left behind.
But whither do these learn'd Contentions tend,
Where will such Heath'nish noisy Jargon end ?

One Bishop, fir'd with a Religious Zeal,
To help the Cause, and all the Breaches heal,
Dares, in the Court, his Brother's Crimes reveal :
One Father rushes in another's Face,
Brands him with Lashes of extream Disgrace ;
Each treads in Paths, to all the rest unknown,
And plagues the King, with Scandal of his own ;
Relentless Malice to the Project cross'd,
That all their Care for saving Souls was lost :
Are these the Paths to Peace ? Are these the Vows ?
Are these the Marks of Christ's unerring Spouse ?

What then did CONSTANTINE ? The Books survey'd,
Perus'd them through, and in his Closet laid,

Wond'ring

46 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Wond'ring how Envy, and Desire of Gain,
Pride, Malice, Slander, and Disgrace should reign;
How curs'd Ambition, Bribery, and Lust,
Should touch the Sacred Mansions of the Just;
That Saints, design'd the Gospel to convey
To others, should themselves, by Choice, be cast away.

Then smart Reproofs for horrid Crimes commence,
Thus to affront their Maker, and their Prince;
Rudely to banter that unrival'd Theme,
And make the Heathen, and the *Jews* blaspheme.

Surely, says He, had these my Eyes beheld
One of your Order, so severely weild
His Sacred Banner in so large a Field,
I should not only strive his Shame to hide;
But pray the Gospel ben't so vilely Dy'd:

Therefore return each to your Diocess;
Let all these Jars and Emulations cease;
Consult your Callings, and the Church's Peace;
And since we're subject to one God alone,
Let our Religion, and our Faith be One:
Feed but your Flocks, and regulate your Faith,
Amend your Lives, avert the Heav'nly Wrath,

And

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 47

And what is here presented to your Eyes,
Shall never more against its Authors rise.

He said, and scarce had one short Minute pass'd,
E'er all their Books were brought, with wondrous
Haste;

They, who their Rage against each other turn'd,
Saw all their Writings of Contention burn'd.

S. Ah! How must Regal Wisdom now preside?
By School-Divines, and Doctor's Books supply'd:
But pray what Methods did their Malice boast?
Since ev'ry Record of their Acts was lost.

P. 'Tis hard to judge, but by the small Remains,
And scatter'd Fragments, that this Age contains,
Much Time was spent, and many Scandals sown,
Unworthy of themselves, and of the Gown.

But where do all these wild Meanders lead?
What motly Paths these Scaramouches tread!
In painted Fields they fall, with wooden Swords
they bleed.

This Synod damns the ARRIAN Tenets first,
On Earth destructive, and in Heav'n accurs'd,

To

48 Ecclesiastical History.

To whom 'twas Handed by Tradition down,
 That Christ's was equal to the Father's Throne;
 The self-same Fate each upstart Doctrine saw,
 That seem'd to thwart the Gospel, or the Law:
 But whilst these noisy Sophists strive in vain
 God's Sacred Word, by *Grecian* Cant, t'explain;
 Whilst they would prostitute the Heav'nly Cause,
 With empty Jargon, to the Mob's Applause,
 To their Amazement, and their Hearers Cost,
 The Gospel vanish'd, and the Law was lost.
 Then *Arrian* Heresy more vig'rous grew,
 Gaining fresh Strength, with Converts not a few;
 Its Wings expanded, and its Head display'd,
 Search'd unknown Coasts, and distant Realms survey'd.
 But say (with Speed) if ought you clearly see,
 Of Christ, begotten from Eternity.

S. How should I? No, this single Task remains,
 To mock the Statesman's Head, the Sophist's Pains,
 To mortify the Prelate's tow'ring Pride,
 Who o'er their trembling Flocks in Triumph ride;
 The Clergy's Riddle, and the Layman's Foil,
 The City's Stumbling-Block, the Country's Toil.

Will

Will ev'ry Land in ev'ry Age surprize;
Bend haughty Brows, bid humble Suppliants rise,
And rank the worldly Fools, superior to the Wise.

Yet, what's too dark for Reason to divine,
Where few dull glimm'ring Rays of Nature shine;
If Heav'n's Ambassadors Credentials give,
I (what I cannot comprehend) believe.

P. That Being's Essence, Heathen Authors teach;
That God's the Deity, our Doctors preach;
That heav'nly Wisdom is in him combin'd,
And all true Worship to his Throne confin'd,
With more such Whims, which dull Decisions Shame,
Whose Words are founding, but the Sense is lame.

S. I hear and listen to each pompous Strain,
Tho' they no Judgment, Wit, nor Sense contain;
Stuff'd with Bombast, shrill Echoes they rebound,
As empty Vessels give the loudest Sound;
Each wand'ring Sense, with diff'rent Turns surprize:
Disperse thick Fogs around, and put out Reason's
Eyes.

Think you the Gospel gain'd its slow Degrees,
By Prelates preaching, or by Kings Decrees?

H

Not

30 Ecclesiastical History.

Not by the first, whose undermining Crew
Fresh Doctrines vend, fresh Signs, and Wonders
shew,

And lying Rules of Faith, which contradict the
true.

Can These believ'd, procure Eternal Rest,
Or send us to the Mansions of the Blest?

Or will the stubborn Lands, that these disdain,
Feel endless Horror, and distracting Pain?

God bids us Moses and the Prophets read,
From whom alone Salvation must proceed,
From which clear Fountain saving Doctrines flow,
To cheer and water all the Lands below.

None ever Essence in the Bible found,
Nor does the Gospel with such Quirks abound;
For neither Christ, nor Saints, nor Prophets, chose
Such quaint Devices, to their Flocks, to use.

The mighty Nimrod, who the World enthral'd
His suppliant Slaves, with such like Jargon maul'd,
In Speech confounded, and with Burthens curs'd,
Such Stuff perplex the BABEL-BUILDERS first.

But

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 51

But those I leave, nor will I vex my Brains
With such unprofitable foolish Strains ;
I but desire the daring Heresies,
That durst, in early Days, the Church surprize ;
Tell me, therefore, what Doctrines they condemn,
Or brand with Heresy's ignoble Name.

P. They, who Plurality of Gods aver,
And each his Province, and his Place confer ;
Or they who dare th' Almighty's Hand defy,
And both his Being, and his Power deny :
By this Decree Idolatry's expel'd,
By That the daring Atheist is with-held.

They who affirm the World's Eternal Reign,
And that 'twill ever unconsum'd remain ;
Those who like mortal Men, the great Creator stain ;
Who Christ deny, his Godhead who condemn,
Begot, and with his Heav'nly Sire the same ;
Who say the Father, that surveys the Sky,
Did not exist alone from all Eternity ;
Who God, with Sons, beside our Saviour, brand,
And who the Æra fix to his Divine Command ;

32 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

Who deem him fleeting Air, and Form alone,
 Without a solid Substance of his own;
 Or who affirm such Substance e'er can roue,
 Without the Aid of an Immortal Soul;
 He who disputes Him from His Sire convey'd,
 Light of his Light, and both together made;
 Or he who dares deny the Pow'r Divine,
 Chose thro' a Case of Human Clay to shine,
 When God the Father did the World befriend,
 And into MARY'S Lap, with Heav'nly Rays de-
 scend;
 Who holds in self-existing Power alone,
 The Heav'nly Sire superior to the Son;
 Or who denies, that He our Nature took,
 Bled for our Crimes, and all His Joys forsook;
 That from the massy Chains of Death He rose,
 And now His Heav'nly Father's Blessings knows;
 Or that He shall with sovereign Splendor come,
 To judge all Nations, at the Day of Doom;
 The Living shall expire, the Dead shall rise,
 Then shall all Languages, and Tongues devise
 To meet their Saviour at the Great Assize.

These

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 53

These, Hereticks, the *Nicene* Synod calls;
But all its boasted Splendor quickly falls;
For the Successor of Great CONSTANTINE,
Who deem'd the ARRIAN Heresy Divine,
With Princely Vigour This deny'd to own,
That Christ existed of himself alone,

So still the Church no certain Peace possess'd;
But Clouds of Mischief overwhelm'd her Rest:
No certain Rules of Faith the Pastors chose;
But one would cherish what the Rest oppose:
Thus Strifes, and Quarrels, and Dissentions grew,
The Flock was scatter'd; for no Pastor knew,
Which Faith to hold, the Ancient, or the New.

S. In Words obscure, the Fathers Myst'ries hide,
And all strange Ways, to cloud his Wonders, try'd.
That God was Man, his Works alone reveal;
For these, Eye-Witnesses we must appeal;
His Miracles to distant Lands were shown,
In which th'Almighty's Hand was clearly known:
Ev'ry Disease, each dire Distemper flew,
At his Command, and bid the Wretch Adieu.

The

54 Ecclesiastical History.

The flying Surges of the Watry Plain,
 Did all the Pressure of His Weight sustain:
 The Winds, at his Command, forget to blow,
 The Waves to murmur, or the Brooks to flow;
 The Blind their Eyes, the Lame their Limbs receiv'd,
 The Dead their Lives, by Heav'nly Pow'r, retriev'd.
 All Nations own'd his Miracles Divine,
 When He, the limpid Stream, converted into Wine:
 The hungry Multitude, His Fame convey'd,
 Far distant Shores his Miracles survey'd,
 When he with Five small Loaves, Five Thousand fed,
 Of all whose Acts undoubted Proof was shown,
 Such as the *Nicene* Synod chose to own,
Matthem, Mark, Peter, Andrew, Luke, and John;
 In these they trusted, their Credentials took,
 Who Earthly Joys for Heav'nly Sweets forsook:
 Then how could any in a Thing so known,
 So well attested, and so clearly shewn,
 In Doctrine, Manners, or in Words dissent,
 And not believe the Lambs, their dying Saviour sent?
 P. The *Greeks* in Numbers, and in Voices sway'd,
 Whilst all the rest prevailing Force obey'd;

Great

Ecclesiastical History. 35

Great ARISTOTLE there his Pow'r maintain'd,
And o'er all Seats, and all Religions reign'd.
The *Jews* for Signs, the *Greeks* for Logick bawl,
Not when, but how? and wherefore? still they call.

S. But to what end? whilst God's great Wonders

shine,

And o'er all Lands proclaim his Pow'r Divine,

Where SOL's reviving Beams, or NEPTUNE's Waves

entwine:

In each Assembly different Numbers rise,

The Proud, the Meek, the Foolish, and the Wise;

The Learn'd and Ignorant together meet,

To state the Church's Peace, and make her Joys com-

pleat.

By learned Doctors, such as trace the Schools,

And pin their Faith on ARISTOTLE's Rules;

And, by th'unlearn'd, I only mean to show

Those, who no Doctrine, but the Scriptures know,

Who God's appointed Rules alone, have read,

And heard how, for their Sins, their Saviour bled;

Whose empty Shelves no mighty Volumes bend,

But what to Glory, and Salvation tend;

Who

56 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

Who dare no Words, against the Doctors, use,
 But Scriptures Rules to gain their Ends produce;
 Those can't, by Dint of Sophistry, prevail;
 But quit their Cause, when Sense, and Reason fail;
 Content the Trinity not to disown,
 Nor vilely to confess more God's than One;
 Careful to shun Disputes, where Strifes arise,
 To cloak their Failings, and be counted Wise;
 Ne'er minding how these Syllogisms end,
 How far strain'd Rules, and subtle Glosses tend
 To change the Face of Things, and make true Reason bend.

S. But pray, What Punishment was due to these,
 Who should the Tenour of their Laws transgress?
 Did the grave Doctors, or the Prince, accuse?
 Were Death, or Bonds, or Banishment, in Use?

P. The Punishment was suited to the Guilt,
 Which both the Clergy and the Laymen felt;
 The Clergys Convicts were expressly sent,
 To some far distant Land, in Banishment;
 The Laymen from all Hopes of Rise debarr'd,
 No Post they held, nor any Pension shar'd;

None

None, by the Fathers had an Audience,
But All were freed, or suffer'd by their Prince.

S. The Crime was heinous, to the last Degree,
To talk against the Synod's strict Decree,
When each his Rules and Maxims had receiv'd,
In written Articles to be believ'd;
But why 'twas impious, I could never find,
Since Errors are so common to Mankind;
And they who thought themselves in Duty bound,
In each Concern, the Scripture's Depth to sound,
Believ'd themselves the only Nation chose,
To serve their Maker right, and gain his sweet Re-
pose:

What Riches, Honours, would not those have lost?
In That fair Prospect of Advantage crost?
Rather than to false Worship seem inclin'd,
And leave their Hopes of future Bliss behind:
What Fears they underwent? what Ills endur'd?
To have the Faith, which they profess'd, secur'd.

P. Can wicked Men so much their Faith proclaim?
To whom all Worship and all Faith's the same;

I

These

58 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

These will their Ends, by subtle means, attain,
 Whose chiefeſt Maxim is, *Divide and Reign*,
 Where Gold's their Darling, Godlineſs is Gain.

S. They err'd. The Saints could no ſuch Doctrines
 view,

In the Old Teſtament, or in the New;
 And ſhall a purblind Man be deem'd prophane,
 Who can't his Conſcience to their Tenets ſtrain?
 The Law ('tis true) commands Him to obſerve,
 And not one Tittle from the Text to ſwerve:
 But Laws are ſilent, and Redreſs they find,
 Whoſe Brains are addle, or whoſe Reaſon blind.
 Why don't they order each to change his Place,
 Who will not to their Honours, ſhape his Face?
 In ſuch a maſſy Lumber-Room of Words,
 Which ſo much Traſh, ſo little Truth affords,
 It might be thought ſufficient to atone,
 For ſundry Failings, by itſelf alone,
 If each acknowledg'd no more Gods, than One.
 For ev'ry Country Looby is not fit
 To ſound the Depths of their ſophiſtivating Wit:

Between

Between *Unborn and Born, without a Date* ;
Can any Mortal find what they'd be at ?
Nor when they e'er the Term of *Substance* use ;
What Soul can tell, how Reason they abuse ?
The Word *Hypostasis* in *Greek* abounds,
And to the *Greeks*, the same as *Substance* sounds :
Who then to Them, this Argument shall strain,
Does certainly three diff'rent Gods maintain.

Ye Quacks of Kingdoms, learn the Force of Words,
Where empty *Noise* no Room for *Sense* affords :
A crazy Crew thus, rule a stupid Train,
And Madmens Laws, a giddy Rout restrain.
Tell, why the same learn'd Synod did not choose
Each trifling Cause to grapple with their Noose ?
Why suffer'd Zealots thus to cant and whine,
And vouch that Sacred Writings were Divine,
Drawn by the Dictates of a Heav'nly Hand,
T'avert God's burning Wrath, and save a guilty
Land.

The Right to Summons was in CÆSAR's Breast,
Who warn'd the Synod, when it pleas'd him best ;

60 Ecclesiastical History.

When needless Quarrels shock'd the Publick Peace,
 Or when all Care of Gospel Rites should cease;
 For when Disputes about the Scriptures rise,
 And angry Clouds o'erhade the azure Skies;
 Or when of human Writings Men contend,
 The Jars, by Gospel, or by Law must end:
 If Fathers against Hereticks combine,
 To prove, which Books are Human, which Divine;
 Ev'n CÆsar Judge, 'twould not be hard to guess,
 All would be damn'd that did the Prince displease;
 And should a Knot of Hereticks defame,
 And cast an Odium on His lasting Name,
 Who curse their Saviour, and their God blaspheme;
 This canting Crew of Philosophick Drones,
 Had never plagu'd their Successors with Mones;
 They, and their Hearers had gone down at once;
 'Twas then thought fit the Holy Word to cheak,
 With Clouds of Darkness, and with Hoards of Smoke,
 To keep it from the Laity unknown,
 To pick, and plant, and reap, what ne'er was sown;
 Sometimes invert the Sense, and substitute their own.

That

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 61

That so, whilst Kings by Scriptures squar'd their Ways,
To their great Honour, and eternal Praise,
These pious Prelates, venerably Grey,
Might lead the Scriptures, with their Kings, astray;
The Clergy so, first pay'd the slippery Road,
To paint their Monarch, as the Nation's Load:
By such Pretences mov'd, the Rabble ran
To view the Calves at BETHEL, and at DAN;
The Bible first, the Laws the next, come down,
Then sieze the Royal Robes, and violate the Crown.

S. Tell me, what Reasons all at once combin'd,
To make the Nations to the Gospel kind?
Why were so many thousand Subjects won?
Whilst no Delights for its Observers shone;
Whilst Kings, and Nobles hugg'd the Pagan Yoke,
And e'ery separate Tribe their several Gods invoke.

P. Christ's Resurrection first, in early Days,
Throughout all Lands, the Christian Name did blaze;
The many Miracles to Millions shewn,
Which He perform'd, by his great Pow'r alone,
Was the next Step to make his Godhead known:

Then

62 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

Then each Disciple singly preach'd the Word,
 And taught the Doctrine of their absent Lord:
 So that where'er the Sun, or Seas, survey,
 The Word on Eagle's Wings prepares its Way,
 Clear of itself, a speedy Progress takes,
 And all the Gods of ev'ry Nation shakes.
 Add, that to Christ they flock'd from ev'ry Coast,
 Where sacrificing Priests their Humours cross'd;
 So Pride, and Avarice, together join,
 To tear the Crown from ELY's ancient Line:
 The Race was num'rous to the Word enclin'd;
 Where many Nobles, and Plebeians join'd:
 Equality of Life, whole Nations drew;
 Their Faith was common, and their Table too:
 The Learn'd, the Ignorant, the Fools, the Wise,
 The truly pious, They that Temporize;
 All, at this Time, blest'd Revolutions own,
 Their Wants supply'd, their Persecutors flown.
 Why should you then such growing Crouds admire?
 Of feign'd Devotion, join'd with Zealots Fire:
 To mighty Swarms increasing Numbers grew;
 A motly Mixture of the False and True:

The

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 63

The highest Honours always were conferr'd
On those, whom Logick, not Religion rear'd;
Their grand Ambition, and their darling Pride,
Was, that the Learn'd might o'er the Flock preside;
But Those, to diff'rent Sects, and Parties, join'd
To diff'rent Laws, by diff'rent Views inclin'd;
Whose various Thoughts in sundry Channells ran,
From whence the dire Sedition first began.

S. Who are these mighty Doctors, you have nam'd?
So much for Learning, or Religion fam'd:
Sure no Disciple, nor Apostle, sent
To guide our Ways, and teach us true Content,
Was ever skill'd in Philosophick Rules,
Or taught the noisy Jargon of the Schools;
Their whole Religion is in Whimsy drown'd;
Their Brains are empty, but their Beards profound;
They fright with Terrors, with feign'd Comforts
footh;
Their Lives are rugged, though their Tongues are
smooth;
Whom early Wants, with blackest Deeds defame,
Dull Fools in Fact, Philosophers in Name.

P. These

64 Ecclesiastical History.

P. These are the Men, such as the Church could
 get ;
 For all were Fish, that enter'd PETER's Net.
 Had Any Rhetorick, or Logick, gain'd,
 He (sure, as Fate) a Bishoprick attain'd :
 These their old Master's Errors soon revive ;
 For baneful Weeds, in ev'ry Climate thrive ;
 Each Hack, and Torture God's supreme Decree,
 Striving to make it with his Sect agree :
 Gross Ignorance ! a Paper Battle brought,
 Where PAUL with PLATO, CHRIST with MAMMON
 fought :
 Such the deluded Mob, with Shews beguile,
 In Morals wicked, in Religion vile :
 Yet, whosoe'er in Learning did excel,
 Was so puff'd up, and knew his Worth so well,
 That the Inferior Herd were all disdain'd,
 And rank'd with Brutes, from Reason's Rules re-
 strain'd :
 Nay, e'en Philosophers themselves would spurn,
 Whom any Masters, but their own, adorn ;

What

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 65

What Virtues can they boast, who, void of Fear,
Would introduce their Morrice-Dancing here?
By Mood and Figure they intirely live,
In secret Cheat, and, whilst we Starve, they Thrive:
Ambition Logical, and low Esteem,
Is Wisdom, Right, and Reason all to them.
Thus, whilst contending Parties wage a War,
Of what both seem, but neither really are;
When they the Truths of Gospel, or of Law,
Into dull Questions, and Responses draw,
The Gospel's bury'd, and the Law they boast,
Amidst their *Babylonish* Jargon's lost.
In former Times, Divine Religion shone,
(Before these puny, quibbling Arts were known)
In brighter Splendor, and with clearer Rays,
When ev'ry Pastor sought his Maker's Praise;
But now Divinity's the Doctor's Part,
And circumscrib'd by empty Rules of Art:
Did PAUL, or PETER e'er such Doctrines teach?
Or all the Fathers such vile Notions reach?

K

What

66 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

What is the Nature of the Pow'rs Divine,
 Within the Volumes of the Prophets shine,
 Where Sacred Harmony, and Order join.
 Christ's true Disciples from the World are known,
 By setting forth his Glory, not their own;
 By imitating his Original,
 And such as scorn to bow the Kneé to BAAL;
 Such as the Worship of their Maker know,
 And own no Rites, but what the Sctiptions shew;
 That lead their Lives, by Heav'nly Laws contain'd,
 Not by PYTHAGORAS's, or SOLON's Rules restrain'd.

S. Why did the *Nicene* Synod so contend,
 And Christ's Divinity thus simply rend?
 We, nought in Sacred Writings plainer find,
 Than the great Godhead, with the Man combin'd;
 Because these proud Philosophers disdain'd
 To own their Faults, or have their Works restrain'd;
 For each was mighty liberal of his Tongue,
 Ever disputing, often in the Wrong.
 Whilst they their Master's Tenets thus unfold,
 Reject new Doctrines, and maintain the Old,

The

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 67

The Discords in Religion thus began,
And sundry Streams from this first Fountain ran.
This was the curbing of a Monarch's Reign,
An Introducer of th'Ecclesiastick Chain.
Great CONSTANTINE did most in Peace delight,
Would all his Subjects in one Faith unite:
The Law (says He) our Mischiefs will redress,
And I'll be careful none shall them transgress:
Hence, in Religious Matters, this implies,
The Law may punish, though the Prince denies.
One King alone, the Standard of all Ill,
Himself subjected to the Senate's Will,
Who, if from their Objections he had flown,
Tho' in Defence of Heav'n, or of his Crown,
They had condemn'd the Monarch, and his Cause,
By Virtue of their Pow'r, and of the Laws;
Tho' much against his Princely Honour bent,
They durst not shut him from the Sacrament;
Some Hopes there were, but these (at best) were vain,
And which, without Success, would spoil their Train:
Howe'er, all Oracles, and Things Divine,
From God's Vicegerents Mouths must clearly shine.

88 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

From the Black Gown into the World they came,
Some Odd ones found, but many Thousands lame:
That lively Faith, which view'd the Heav'nly Throne,
And saw God's mighty Love to Mortals shown,
Now sinks astonish'd at a Prelate's Feet,
Not knowing when his Doubts a due Regard will meet.
The Church is two-fold, as God's Law directs;
For This the Body, That the Soul respects,
And double Plagues the Miscreants attend,
Who on these pious Doctors Rules depend:
One Pain we suffer, which admits no Cure,
And which the Wicked, and the Just endure;
The other strong Imagination breeds,
Haunts these wise Fools, and from their Fears pro-
ceeds.

S. Great was the ancient Synod's Pow'r, I own;
But these were seldom call'd, their Pow'r but rarely
shown:

They, could not sure give up their Prince's Rights,
To swell one monstrous Harpy with Delights:
The Posture of Affairs their Aims withstood,
Nor can I think that (if they could) they would.

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 69

P. In four first Synods, and One Hundred Years,
The Kings supine, the People void of Fears ;
The stealing Pow'r of the first Popes began,
Swell'd by Degrees, and heighten'd, as it ran,
'Till all the Bounds at last it overthrew,
And grasp'd that Empire, where at first it grew :
To Fish for Souls Abroad, was PETER sent ;
These Moderns, Fish for Rule and Government :
The Pope's a Fisherman, for Fish he waits,
And ev'ry Synod urges such Debates ;
For Empires, and Dominions they contend,
So far as e'er the Christian Realms extend ;
Their chief Diversion in Confusion lies,
To mud the Waters first, and then to catch the Prize.
The World with empty Notions must be fill'd,
Before it can an ample Harvest yield :
All Lands with, Clouds of Ignorance, they smother ;
(*For Ignorance was stil'd Devotion's Mother ;*)
Before the Monarchs of the Earth would meet
This haughty Fiend, or humbly strive to kiss,
Prostrate, the Soles of his unworthy Feet,
Or else their Hopes of Heav'n were ever doom'd
to miss.

For-

70 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

Fortune, some Portion to this Monster left;
Of Grace, of Honour, and of Shame bereft.

S. But from a pedling, poor Philosopher,
How came the Pimp so high his Head to rear?
He, but of late, the Off-scum of the Earth,
Now boasts of Race Divine, and draws from Gods
his Birth.

P. The subtle Threads of Histories combine,
To make his Holiness's Annals shine;
The Synods done, new Quarrels strait arose,
And unknown Plagues disturb'd the Saint's Repose.
On CONSTANTINE'S Decease, CONSTANTIUS reign'd,
Vexing the Church, and *Arrianism* maintain'd:
On ATHANASIUS first the Storm began,
He damn'd his Maxims, and perplex'd the Man:
So strangely harass'd the old Priest appear'd,
That Death he coveted, but Life he fear'd;
A wand'ring Fugitive, he weeping went,
From *Egypt's* stately Tow'rs, and from his chief

Content:

This Priest, with venerable Locks of Snow,
Track'd sundry Realms, with melting Tears of Woe;

him on The

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 71

The rugged *Alps* and *Apennines* he pass'd,
And reach'd old *Gallia's* Confines at the last;
Spreading his Doctrines wheresoe'er he came,
In 'Spite of Edicts, or his Prince's Fame.

Next *JULIAN* mounted on his Father's Throne,
For deepest Subtilty compleatly known;
Long Time he kept the Secret in his Breast,
A *Heathen Wolf* in *Christian Cloathing* dress'd;
But when the circling Diadem he wore,
He chang'd, and play'd the Hypocrite no more;
A dreadful Enemy the King appear'd;
But ev'ry Life, and ev'ry Fortune spar'd:
However, Temples (all their Rites t'oppose)
To *PAN*, to *BACCHUS*, and *APOLLO* rose;
To each dumb Stock, his Princely Knee did bow,
And rear'd the Fabricks high, that lay in Ruines low.
Thus old Idolatry reviv'd again,
Whose Altars were o'erturn'd, Her Vot'ries slain:
No Arts to Christian Children must be taught;
But all in thickest Fogs of Darknes fraught:
Thus He fierce Combats with their Souls did wage;
But spar'd their Bodies for his future Rage.

S. Think-

72 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

S. Thinking Religion must Convulsions feel,
Amongst these Doctors, who in *Logick* deal;
Who trust in *Rhetorick*, beyond the Creed,
And more Old PRISCIAN, than the BIBLE read;
Who strive their Country's Laws to overturn,
And with an eager Thirst of Changes burn.

P. In vain did JULIAN *Pagan* Rites review;
In vain their Altars, and their Shrines renew,
When none a sacrificing Sp'rit assum'd,
But each his Heifer, and his Bull consum'd;
On dainty Lambs, and Kids They made their Cheer,
Off'ers were scarce, and Sacrifices dear;
The Altars froze, the Desert Temples mourn'd,
Their ancient Bigotry no more return'd;
Each, for his own Possessions shew'd Regard,
None, for the Gods, nor for Religion car'd;
Their Zeal for sacrificing Priests, grew cold;
Their Worship wholly new, which had before been
Old :

So, was the Face of all Religion chang'd,
Through their Affairs the same Confusion rang'd.

The

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 78

The King was by a *Persian* Javelin slain,
(Who rais'd Rebellion to disturb his Reign.)
The Clergy deem'd it by Divine Command,
Sent from a fierce, destroying Angel's Hand,
Who came to bridle his insulting Rage,
To heal their Wounds, and all their Pains assuage.
Then rag'd the barb'rous *Goths*, in mighty Swarms,
Threat'ning the Empire with their rude Alarms;
Their Declarations were perhaps unfair;
But what can't shining Armour render clear?
Untam'd by Reason, unconfin'd by Law,
They broke their Native Banks, and in huge Streams
o'erflow:
Unheard of Names on Provinces impose,
Such as their massacreing Captains chose:
The *Goth*, the *Vandal*, *Herili*, and *Hun*,
The Northern Borders of the Empire won;
Such monstrous Troops of Warriours issue forth,
From the bleak Regions of the rugged North;
They diff'rent Names in diff'rent Quarters find;
But *Goth's* the common Name of all the Kind:

L

Thus

74 Ecclesiastical History

Thus Thousands dye by one destructive Weed,
 From one corrupted Sore a Thousand Maggots breed;
 By frequent Swarms, the colder Climes they fill,
 And *Southern* Realms their dire Excursions feel:
 At last th'*Italian* Fields these Robbers please,
 Who plant their barb'rous Race, where'er they seize.
 ROME, then the Mistress of the Kingdoms, bow'd
 To Monsters base, illiterate, and rude;
 Their Blood and Language on the Ground they pour,
 And rob the Beauties of the *Latin* Store;
 Then did the *Goths* the *Roman* Rites partake,
 And a strange Medley of Religion make;
 All their Affairs in dire Disorder run,
 And vile contending Sects again begun;
 Disturb'd, as heretofore, their Country's Peace,
 With their loud Clamours, never doom'd to cease.
 Then JOVIAN rul'd, whilst the revolving Moon
 Eight Times her Course throughout the Zodiack run,
 Who to the Christians their lost Rights restor'd;
 Then Arts in Schools were taught, and Christ
 Church ador'd:

Ecclesiastical History. 75

Yet, though to Catholick Opinions bent,
To smother Heresy ne'er gave Consent;
He, equal Laws to ev'ry Sect ordain'd,
None, his Example mov'd, nor none restrain'd;
But All were licens'd by his Royal Sway,
Their Minds were free, so they his Pow'r obey.
Then VALLENTINIAN mounted on the Throne,
When ev'ry Sect in brightest Lustre shone;
But still the same contending Parties rage;
Nor did the Prince contrive their Diff'rence to as-
swage.

The peaceful GRATIAN next receiv'd the Reins,
When *Halcyon* Days adorn'd the joyful Plains;
When Truth, and open Honesty appear'd,
Her awful Head unerring Justice rear'd:

S. What Fruits could so much Liberty produce,
Where ev'ry Subject had a Right to chuse,
Some Ways of Worship, or the whole refuse?
Thence Want of Morals come, thence Atheism wounds,
And all the Lowdness which the World confounds.

P. 'Tis true, no certain Peace, nor Truth ensu'd;
When ev'ry Dotard his vile Notions vow'd;

76 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

Those who our Saviour's Wonders durst not blame,
 Nor openly the Deity condemn,
 Durst yet, barefac'd, amongst all Parties boast,
 Against the Godhead of the Holy Ghost:
 This horrid Schism from *Macedon* arose,
 Which long disturb'd the *Eastern World's* Repose;
 A Priest, which in *Byzantium* was prefer'd,
 As fam'd for Want of Morals, as of Beard:
 Who o'er his Hearers bore a mighty Sway,
 And with wild Notions led the Flock astray;
 A bold Declaimer, most for Noise renown'd,
 Who Sense and Reason with loud Clamour drown'd
 And now the widow'd Church sincerely grieves,
 When she no Prospect of Redress receives:
 Each Member likes this Way to Heav'n the best,
 And walks alone, excluding all the rest:
 Such dismal Schisms her modern Rites explore,
 None but her Builder's Arm, can her lost Strength
 restore.
 Whence, O Divines, can you pretend to date
 Your gen'ral Patent for a future State?

Ecclesiastical History. 87

How was my Soul committed to your Skill?
Use you no Pow'r against the Donor's Will?
Why might not I as well my Force extend,
And cause some weaker, to my Arms to bend?
But should I deem your Doctrines so Divine,
As through all Ages undisturb'd to shine;
Or should I blindly sign to each Decree,
Which of these Shepherds shall my Leader be?
For whilst You thus your Paper Battles wage,
And with a, more than Pagan, Fury rage,
I scarce shall know whose Precepts I must own,
Whilst all your Tricks appear, and Priestcraft's plainly
shown;
But this I to the Sacred Volumes owe;
From Christ alone all saving Health must flow,
Whose spotless Footsteps I'm resolv'd to tread,
Should PAUL, should CEPHAS, or APOLLOS lead;
His Name shall bear an universal Sway,
And all the Nations in due Time obey;
Lend their Attention to His Holy Word,
And in their smoothest Lays, his Heav'nly Praise re-
cord.

78 Ecclesiastical History.

A Soul from Prejudice entirely free,
Will serve his Maker, by his own Degree,
Will trace his Will, his saving Paths descry,
And all the Doctors airy Whims defy.
These lasting Annals must for ever sway,
When modern Rites of human Rife decay,
Which, like gross Meteors, quickly cease to blaze,
If once oppos'd to Phoebus' brighter Rays:
What Comforts then, can ARIAN Rites bestow?
What Helps can ATHANASIUS allow?
Since all our Hopes of Bliss, from different Foun-
tains flow.
Whence then proceed those Clamours in Disguise?
Or whence the Discords of the Wordly Wise?
From Pride's their Progress, in whose gaudy Train
All other Vices most securely reign:
They thought their Prince must be profoundly read,
That rul'd such learned Members as their Head;
But Subjects, unconcern'd in such Disputes,
Were deem'd of sordid Rank, and Jewell'd with
Brutes.

Ecclesiastick History 79

P. The Great *Thaurostus* then his Reign began, IT
Join'd with the sprightly *Valentinian*, His brA
He beat the *Goths*, and all his Time compell'd
That barb'rous Nation to his Arms to yield ;
Iberia's Plains can most compleatly tell,
How many Thousands of the *Vandals* fell.
The Purple Honours He deserv'dly wore,
And held the Diadem with Princely Pow'r ;
To Catholicks he shew'd himself inclin'd,
Bestow'd his early Favours on that Kind ;
Ne'er wag'd a War against the Soldiers Will ;
But all Affairs were urg'd by his commanding Skill ;
He call'd a Synod at *Byzantium*,
Where sundry venerable Prelates come ;
Here was the Holy Spirit deem'd Divine,
Which will for ever in the Godhead shine ;
Here were the former *Nicene* Acts review'd,
And here the Faith of wav'ring Crouds renew'd.
Next did *Arcadius* and *Honorius* reign,
Tracing their Off-spring from a Godlike Strain :
These into Parts the murmur'ing Realm divide,
Each in his Portion, by Consent, reside :

The

80 Ecclesiastical History

The Eastern Eagles from the West are rent,
 And all the Christian World the direful Deed lament;
 The Roman Chiefs did then their Rights descry,
 Granted before, to Gothick Infantry;
 The Goths take Arms, their ancient Courage rouse,
 To meet these Breakers of their solemn Vows,
 Lay formal Siege, and fierce Attacks renew,
 And make the Mistress of the Nations bow:
 Fierce ALARCK, who with lasting Fury burn'd,
 Had all her Tow'rs, and Temples overturn'd;
 O'er her proud Walls his shining Banners thrust,
 And laid her gilded Glory in the Dust,
 Had not the Pope his dreadful Rage restrain'd,
 And by his Pray'rs, and Tears, a Truce obtain'd;
 The melting Prince, when his Desires prevail'd,
 Ceas'd from his Wrath, and all his Troops recall'd,
 Commanding Him, his Maker there to serve,
 And all the Church's Liberties preserve;
 Yet lowest Homage, as a King, subjoins
 To Him, and to the Issue of his Loins.
 This once obtain'd, His Holiness drew near,
 To buzz a Lecture in the Prince's Ear:

Bravely

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 81

Bravely all Wealth and Honour to despise,
And Christ alone, and his Salvation prize :
He shew'd the Crown of Faith, the Joys of Love,
With all the Raptures of the Bless'd above ;
How sweetest Notes of Heav'nly Musick join,
When Saints and Catholicks in Choir combine :
Again, what dismal Tortures are prepar'd
For those, who neither Right, nor Rule regard ;
Vile stubborn Hereticks, who void of Grace,
Tread down the Gospel, and the Law deface ;
Whom scorching Flames, and pitchy Fogs shall hold,
No Glimpse of Light, nor Respite to behold ;
The Worm of Conscience evermore shall gnaw,
Their Chains confine, their Fires for ever glow :
Painting those Tortures, with such lively Dread,
As if the Flames themselves did from his Mouth proceed.

These, when the King seem'd throughly to believe,
The Pope desir'd (their Worship to retrieve)
To whom the *Roman* Scepter he would give ?
He sure succeeded, whom the Pope desir'd,
Was he with Cath'lick Rage compleatly fir'd ;

M

Or

82 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Or, if no other Kingdoms did withhold,
His Head was circled with the Regal Gold.

S. Now all Divines alternately agree
About the Sanction of the Trinity ;
Or else were mute, by Terror of the Laws,
Which THEODOSIUS made, with great Applause,
Where many Acts in open Synod rose,
Truth to protect, and Heresy oppose.

P. But when that mighty Monarch ceas'd to shine,
And did his Scepter, and his Pow'r resign,
Old Heresies appear'd, in strange Disguise,
Threat'ning the World, and seizing with Surprise,
The Good, the Bad, the Foolish, and the Wise ;
This universal Deluge swept the Throng,
The Priest and People roul'd promiscuously along :
These cry'd, There could be no more Christs than
One,

This, Reason urg'd, and Nature's Dictates own :
Say which you please, both ne'er can Credit gain ;
Two separate Gods can never singly reign,
Both to be All in All, and undisturb'd remain.

These

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 83

These, with a Catholick, shall Credit find,
And will you stay, with Diffidence, behind?

Can you no dark mysterious Mazes own?

Is Hypostatick Union so unknown?

That very Union startles my Belief,

Where I expect the most, I find the least Relief:

In Terms of Art I still fresh Doubts explore,

What needs that Tye, when they were one before.

The King forthwith another Council calls,

And EPHESUS resounds with sacred Brawls;

Where ARRIAN Tenets, with new Force, return,

Which long had slept, but now severely burn:

Thrice had their Priests, unhappy Fate, sustain'd;

Yet still th'Attack, with fresh Recruits, maintain'd;

But when th'EPHESIAN Synod first appears,

Notions were rous'd, which slept for many Years:

The Scale they strangely, by their Might, o'erpoiz'd,

And *Arrianism* through ev'ry Land was nois'd;

Higher their Fame, than great DIANA's soar'd,

Whom *Asia's* Climes, and all the World, ador'd:

What dire Confusion in their Councils roll'd?

What This asserted, was by That controul'd;

84 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

One Synod This, another That condemn'd,
 Each Whim was hugg'd, and each by Turns condemn'd:
 Thus crafty Prelates sway th'unthinking Croud;
 The Law thus suffer'd, and the Gospel bow'd:
 And had the Catholicks (possess'd with Fears)
 Wasted their Time in fruitless Pray'rs and Tears;
 Had they not with all Expedition gone,
 And call'd a Council straight at *Calcedon*,
 The wav'ring World (so much Pollutions taint)
 Might now have deem'd old *ARRIUS* as a Saint;
 But there, all Things their former Face retriev'd,
 This was reject'd, That was now believ'd,
 All Rules of Faith, and ancient Truth return'd,
 And, with its former Flames, Devotion burn'd;
 The *Nicene* Creed again its Place resum'd,
 And fiery Zeal no more the Catholicks consum'd:
 Old Heresy, which ev'ry Mode had worn,
 Which ev'ry Faction did, by Turns, adorn,
 More changeable than *PROTEUS* you behold,
 Whom no Engagement, nor no Chain can hold,
 Now meanly wrap'd in Rags, now dazzling Rich in
 Gold.

This

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 85

This Synod first, condemn'd its wild Career,

Doom'd it no more in Publick to appear:

But still new Words will *ARRIES* re-ordain,

And uncouth Terms his former Credit gain.

Are they desir'd their inmost Thoughts to own?

If Christ was separate, or really One?

They answer streight, *One Will in Him is known.*

MONOTHELITES, these Hereticks are nam'd,

In ancient *Gracian* Stories loudly fam'd,

Stories, that num'rous Volumes hugely swell,

Long since the mighty *Roman* Empire fell:

Since Antichrist his Master's Rights assum'd,

To wear the Scepter, or the Crown presum'd;

Since He (usurping the Imperial Throne)

Durst summons paultry Councils of his own.

S. Who all his SAVIOUR's living Words obeys,

May well be fav'd, though he through Weakness

frays:

No subtle Quirks to our Salvation tend,

The Race is easy, and secure the End.

MOSES, the Lawgiver from *Sina's* Mount,

Did no such Quibbles to his Tribes recount.

Let

86 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Let none JHOVAH's holy Rites prophane,
Or dare to use his sacred Name in vain :
I AM's the ancient Name, by which alone
He was for Ages unto ISRAEL known.

Ye *Gracian* Disputants, how can you prove,
That there's three Natures in the God above ?
How came you by that Knowledge you have shown ?
Are his three Natures in the Gospel known ?
That calls our Saviour God's Eternal Son.

But how dares any Mortal Man enquire ?
Thou Fool : How cam'st thou from thy Earthly Sire ?
Thou, who art ignorant of Nature's Deeds,
Nor knows from whence a simple Worm proceeds :
How verdant Grass makes all the Surface gay ;
Whence rolls the Chariot of the God of Day ;
Or where in briny Waves he steeps his *Western* Ray.
Vain Fool ! canst thou, in Pomp, pretend to pry
Into the Depths of his Imensity ?
Would you be sav'd, those dang'rous Draughts dis-

dain ;

Taste not, but think such Poisons work your Bane ;

These

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 87

These harm the Palate, and the Touch defile,
Betray the Senses, and the Man beguile.

P. Those Things the *Gracian* Sophists surely knew:

But other Means, perceivable by few,
Sway'd all their Councils, and their Minds with-
drew.

Christ's easy Yoke, that Shoulder hardly bears,
That stoops already to the World's Affairs:
God's Word but dimly in their Synod's shown,
Who had so many Quirks and Notions of their own;
Whom Hopes of Gain, or dull Delusions lead,
Who in the Steps of ancient BALAAM tread:
He sets no glitt'ring Pomp before our Eye,
No costly Shew, nor gilded Majesty;
With gaudy Pageantry the World's allur'd,
Whereby the Pope his Vot'ries has secur'd:
Christ, chiefly urges us to mutual Love,
And in all moral Virtues to improve:
Not to offend, or do our Neighbour Wrong,
From Lies, and Slander, to refrain our Tongue;
No Gold, or Treasure, wrongfully t'attain,
Nor vilely covet, what's thy Death to gain:

The

88 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

The worldly Goods, which others Chests confine,
Dare not to handle, if thou would'st be mine.

O Laws! to Lust and Avarice severe,
What Charms can comfort, or what Joys endear,
When God in Thunder strikes the list'ning Ear!
Thy started Reason, let not Rage impair;
But to each suppliant Foe thy Mercy Share:
Of Wealth, or Wisdom, let no Mortal boast,
By Thieves, or Sicknefs, these are quickly lost;
Nor let the Witty Man the Clown despise;
Much Merit may, from Homely Weeds arise:
God's Laws are well proportion'd ev'ry where;
Though to the learned Crew they seem severe:
Deluding Wrethes, who the World disdain,
And think the Heav'nly Mansions to attain,
By the nice Quibbles of a working Brain.
Our Lord commanded None to be compell'd
T'attend the Worship, which his Servants held;
When He would spread the Gospel far and near,
Nor PAUL, nor PETER held Tribunals here.
Who, with true inward Penitence, begins
To grieve sincerely for his num'rous Sins,

By

By steady Faith, revolving in his Mind
 His bleeding Saviour's Love to lost Mankind,
 Shall, by his Wounds, a welcome Ransom find:
 For This, we to His Sacred Word apply,
 Whose Value none but *Romanists* deny.
 Shan't he be sav'd, who never yet has known,
 Whether Christ's human Nature was put on,
 Or it descended from his Father's Throne?
 Who can't distinguish whence his Manhood sprung?
 Or how his Godhead through all Nations rung:
 But, should these Doctrines strike the Laymens Ears,
 Farewel the Wisdom of the *Romish* Seers;
 Farewel the Zeal of all their Booby Train;
 No future Pomp, nor Grandeur will remain,
 For those that sleep in Sloth, and serve their God
 for Gain.

Christ says, A Husbandman his Acres plows,
 And choicest Seed into the Furrows throws;
 But, whilst he slept, secure from worldly Cares,
 A mortal Foe bestrew'd his Field with Tares;
 When scarce the Wheat its tender Blades up-rear'd,
 But choaking Weeds thro' ev'ry Part appear'd:

90 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

The wond'ring Servants, in this Case, accord
(As was their Custom) to consult their Lord;
Whether the Tares should from the Wheat be torn,
Or both together for a Time forborn.

Let them both grow, till Harvest shall return;
Then bind the hurtful Tares in lasting Fires to burn.
Christ here commands no Hereticks away,
Before the Sentence of the gloomy Day:
He left no Orders fun'ral Piles to raise,
T'enlighten *Smithfield* with a second Blaze:
Who can, without a dire Amazement, view
The shocking Scene of bloody BARTHOL'MEW;
Where in one dismal, and ill-fated Hour,
(So Fiends incarnate use their mighty Power)
Fresh Crimson Streams the *Gallick* Pavements stain,
Whilst LEWIS fought without Controul to reign,
By Lives of Thousands sacrific'd in vain.

If once thy Brother from the Gospel stray,
Instrußt, and gently lead him in the Way;
All tender Marks of Love, and Duty, show;
No lasting Converts from Compulsion flow:

Who

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 91

Who knows, but God may in due Time look down,
And, with his Grace, thy early Labours crown :
View thy weak Brother in his lost Estate ;
For Reformation never comes too late.

This Text the Fathers have but slightly view'd,
Nor the true Paths of Reason well pursu'd.
When dreadful Dangers shall my Soul surprize ;
When darkeſt Clouds, and blackeſt Tempeſts riſe ;
Shall I the Fury of thoſe Storms withſtand ?
And not my Reason to my Aid demand :
Or ſhould the grand Seducer of Mankind,
By your Compulſion, triumph o'er my Mind ?
Should furious Flames within my Boſom glow ?
And blackeſt Brands of Hellish Rage o'erflow ;
Juſtice, and ſolid Reaſon, both combine ;
Your Soul ſhould ſink, your Body ſmart for mine,
Then let, who will, their healing Counſel bring ;
But curſ'd Compulſion bears a deadly Sting.

S. Think you then Hereſy ſhould reign ſublime ?
As though 'twere juſt, and ceas'd to be a Crime :

92 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

What dismal Scenes of Misery and Woe
Thro'out the Land, by such strange Doctrines flow,
When *English* Priests their sounding Trumpets blow.

By Academick Learning, strange to tell!

The pious *CHARLES*, the holy *MARTYR*, fell,
With sundry Peers, in sundry Battles slain,
Who strove their bleeding Country to sustain:
Our blushing Annals may the Numbers hide,
That or at *NEWBERRY*, or at *NASEBY*, dy'd;
But *WORC'STER'S* fatal Walls all Tales controul'd,
Whilst *SEVERN'S* Waves in deepest Crimson roul'd,
The two *French* *HARRIES*, in their Lives, misled,
By *Romish* consecrated Ponyards bled.

Old Mother Church took most especial Care,
A *CLEMENT*, or *RAVILIACK*, to prepare,
To breath their Royal Veins, and wage a Holy
War.

I've seen how far false Doctrines may prevail,
Where solid Sense, and riper Judgment, fail;
And find no Laws, nor Edicts, can assuage
The rushing Torrent of the People's Rage;

Where

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 93

Where outward Zeal, and bare Religion's Name,
Augment the Mischief, and support the Flame;
The Priests, the grand Promoters of our Ill,
The deepest Scenes of Tragick Woes reveal;
Loudly they hollow from their sev'ral Cells,
And call for Wars, by Sound of AARON'S Bells:
Too late, by many Instances, we read,
The Doctor hastens, when the Patient's Dead.
The Nation's Miseries are pass'd Redress,
When Rebels Arm, and Monarchs Sue for Peace:
Spurn'd on by Priestcraft, in Contempt of Laws,
Some Thousands strive, by Steel, to urge their Cause;
With Scarlet Robes, in shining Armour gay,
They add fresh Lustre to the Face of Day:
But still the Villainy's distinctly seen,
Which Age can never hide, nor glitt'ring Triumphs
screen.

The bending Laws the peaceful Olive bring,
But Priests, and Redcoats, other Anthems sing;
They bawl for Rights, complain of gross Abuse,
And ev'ry vile Reproach, against their Sov'reign, use.
Satyr,

94 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Satyr, forbear these Monsters to betray ;
 Rage spurs me on, but Prudence bids me stay :
 The purer Church, in pious Times, ne'er knew
 A Thousand Crimes, expos'd to daily View ;
 Their uncouth Cant, and barb'rous Jargon, show
 The Snake lies basking in the Grass below.

Christ's Laws will help the Dimness of our Sight ;
 His Yoke is easy, and His Burthen light :
 But our grave, ploding Don, so much rever'd,
 By Depth of Knowledge, and by Length of Beard,
 Such heavy Tags to modern Worship joins ;
 His Finger's thicker than his Father's Loins.
 Can solemn Riddles e'er be deem'd Divine ?
 Can knotty Quirks in sacred Pages shine ?
 Or must the Wretch, of Happiness despair,
 Who can't detect the latent Trifles there ?
 Can none but OEDIPUS the Gospel read ?
 Or trace the thorny Paths that up to *Sina* lead ?
 Shall Christian Lambs such Bellweathers pursue,
 That start false Laws, and Doctrines wholly new ?
 But all the Gown-men, that the Nation guide,
 Who preach rebellious Tenets, far and wide.

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 95

Ten Thousand *Shinxes* ne'er can reconcile
The barb'rous Feuds, the *Babylonish* Toil;
The num'rous Cavils, Quirks, and deadly Woes,
That from the First four gen'ral Synods rose.
Why did the Church of *Nice* no more reveal?
Why all her Doctrines in a Cloud conceal?
But that her Tricks might in Dominion end,
And haughty Monarchs, to her Rites, to bend;
These first, from CONSTANTINE's Indulgence, sprung,
And, like warm'd Snakes, their Parent Bosom stung;
Thence did the Populace their Kings despise,
Hoisting the Church's Ensigns to the Skies;
From whom the latent Seeds of Discord came;
There found the Fuel, and they fann'd the Flame.
Say they, 'Who from such Tyrants would not swerve?
Who can two Masters diff'rent Orders serve?
Whilst you a Monarch's high Commands obey,
You tear yourselves from God's inviting Sway;
And while you strive your Maker's Will to prize,
Your Nation's Laws against your Conduct rise.
Strangely deluded, dull, unthinking Fools,
To seek for Freedom, by the Church's Rules:

These

96 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

These were destructive to the publick Peace;
 But gave the Soldiers, and the People Ease:
 By them the Goths a speedy Conquest made,
 And Rome's proud Towers to barb'rous Hands betray'd,
 And now the Pope his utmost Heights had gain'd,
 Had not the Gothick Prince his Power retain'd:
 The Roman Eagles to the East were flown,
 And no apparent Cause of Danger shown:
 Where'er they would, the Soldiers made them fly,
 Waving their Banners, and their Ensigns high:
 He far and near survey'd the warlike Bands,
 Who spread his Pow'r, and courted his Commands,
 And now grown proud, in his exalted State,
 His Prince, dares boldly excommunicate.

S. Why? P. Only that the Monarch had not done,
 According to the Acts of Chalcedon;
 Nor, as his Holiness devoutly shows,
 Had urg'd the Merits of the Church's Cause.

Then JUSTIN, then JUSTINIAN bore the Sway,
 Whilst Popes (like Churchmen) their Commands obey:
 Long Time the first, with shining Glory reign'd,
 And mighty Chiefs, his darling Pow'r maintain'd;

Bless'd

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 97

Bless'd with great Ministers of Peace and War,
At Home rever'd, and terrible afar.

First, *BELLISARIUS* the *Goths* expel'd,
And drove their Armies from the bloody Field;
Eager of Conquest in his King's Defence,
The bravest Captain, and the greatest Prince.

Now the Arch-Priest a spreading Power atchiev'd,
The *Goths* dispers'd, the Church's Rights retriev'd;
His Gleams of Light'ning he begins to throw,
His haughty Head, and cloven Feet, to show,
His hissing Thunders fright, his pointed Jav'lines
glow;

Gay gilded Armour to the Mitre yield,
The polish'd Helmet, and the brazen Shield;
Yea, ev'ry Bishop his Commands obey'd,
And, to their Chief, their lowest Homage pay'd;

Only *CONSTANTINOPLE's*, which did strain
Long Time to stem the Torrent, but in vain;
For equal Honours He might justly share,

At least t'erec't another Papal Chair:

But now the Pope his End compleatly gains,
And leads the People, and their Prince, in Chains:

98 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

Now vast *Leviathan* the Hook receives,
And *Behemoth* his wounded Nostrils grieves :
All gently own the Pope's Imperial Sway,
Where'r the *Roman* Eagles wing their Way.

S. Now nothing for his Holiness remains,
But, with auspicious Rays, to cheer the Plains ;
And when this glaring Meteor shall decline,
And, with a fading Lustre, come to shine,
Calmly to seek the boundless Joys above,
With Serpent's Craft, but harmless as a Dove.

P. Some Gifts the God bestows, and some denies,
With artful Wiles, They the dull Fools surprize ;
In ev'ry Shape, of ev'ry Size, they're seen,
As *MARS*, triumphant, and, as *Jove*, serene :
A double Kingdom on each Pontiff rous,
This our Estates regards, and That our Souls ;
With wond'rous Skill, and most amazing Care,
The first were fleec'd, and kept exceeding bare ;
But for the Soul new Measures are prepar'd,
In which our Land the Fate of Nations shar'd :
Tho', by the Bye, this twofold Royalty,
Was no great Sign of his Simplicity ;

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 99

Not that the *Popes* could unconcern'd remain,
As if our Actions in one Channel ran;
Still something serv'd to level all their Joy;
For ardent Wishes, when accepted, cloy.
Does He to Gold, or glitt'ring Gems aspire,
These, once possess'd, encrease the fierce Desire:
Or, does He Stores of Honour still explore?
The Mine's exhausted, and can yield no more:
No burning Ruby, nor no glaring Gem,
No Pomp, no Title, nor no Diadem,
Can screen their guilty Owners, once inclin'd
To that corroding Canker of the Mind:
Unbounded Av'rice all true Vertue stains,
And loads the gilded Wretch with massy Chains.

No crafty Angler will his Art despise,
Though in his Nets a scanty Profit lies;
But ever busy'd in his small Affairs,
He mends his Nets, or strictly views his Wares,
His Lines new models, or his Hooks surveys,
And ev'ry Thing in decent Order lays;
Gay gaudy Flies, of ev'ry Sort are seen,
The bright Carnation, and the lovely Green,

100 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

The burning Crimsons, and the shining Blues,
 With ev'ry Shade, that beauteous Iris shews;
 Such as in Fields their Purple Wings display,
 Such as in Streams, and wanton Riv'lets, play,
 The flow'ry Meads adorn, or murn'ring Rills survey.
 Here curious Art, with simple Nature vies,
 And shines with dazzling Splendour, o'er their Eyes;
 There skimming cross the Streams, with sov'reign Skill,
 The pointed Hooks th'unwary Fishes kill.

All Shores are sought, and ev'ry fly Retreat,
 Where'er He thinks the Finny Race to meet;
 Some deep entrench'd in Mud, securely lye
 Far from the Reach of a Beholder's Eye;
 To some the Roots afford a peaceful Realm,
 The waving Willow, or the bending Elm;
 In Rocks immur'd, in hollow Caverns deep,
 Some undisturb'd, in solemn Silence sleep;
 But Stings of Hunger all their Arts invoke,
 Their Cells are left, whene'er their Entrails croak,
 Swiftly new Stores of living Prey to gain,
 They wing their Way along the watry Plain,

Where

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 101

Where close on Hooks, or wrap'd in Nets, they die;
From different Parts they rove, and undistinguish'd lie.
Then what clear Gains will all the Draught afford?
Or which must grace the Table of my Lord?
Which, Salt must season, Which must freshest keep?
These pall his Pleasures, and disturb his Sleep;
Besides a thousand Plagues, too long to tell,
Which haunt him waking, and his Rest repel.
The same Vexations crow'd the Papal Chair,
Whose Art's tormenting, and his Pangs severe;
New Forms of Pray'r, the Princes to enthrall,
Do, from his consecrated Noddle crawl;
The Strong, in superstitious Chains he rules;
He finds them Wisemen, but he leaves them Fools;
The Scripture Texts, with Innovations crouds,
And Church Decrees, and Synods Laws intrudes:
The Old and New he mixes ev'ry where,
Making a Sort of linsley-wolsey Ware,
Such as with antique Times would never pass;
He yokes a spotless Helper with an Ass:
Truth may be False, with him, or Wrong be Right,
To make the Burthen of Religion light:

Such

1102 *Ecclesiastical History.*

Such Monsters *Africk* never could produce;
 None such could flow from *Cirra's* pois'nous Juice;
 So strangely haggard seem'd her antique Face,
 Her very Footsteps you could hardly trace:
 Under a Mask their Priests the Lands deceive,
 They scatter Treasons, which the Rout receive;
 Learning, from them their Doctrines to advance,
 That pure Devotion springs from Ignorance;
 That solid Learning does the Churchman taint,
 And th'meereft Blockhead is the greatest Saint:
 This grand Deceiver cast about betimes,
 To see what Rites would down in distant Climes.
 What would the *Sueds*, or Savage *Rufs*, content,
 Or *Britain* sever'd from the Continent;
 Since ev'ry Subject has a thinking Soul,
 Which less, than Papal Pow'r, can ne'er controul.

A New, and Unknown World, there likewise lies
 Under the Influence of the *Western Skies*,
 Where never Prophet, nor Apostle, trod,
 Whose barb'rous Subjects seldom thought of God;
 There uncontroul'd the Pope securely reigns,
 The Hills he guards, depopulates the Plains;

Millie

Ecclesiastical History. 103

Millions of Souls untimely Death secur'd,
To plant Christ's Realms, and to promote his Word,
By Force, by Treachery, by Fire, and Sword :
There lie the Silver Mountains of *Peru*,
And there the Golden Mines of *Mexico* :
There gliding Streams embrace the sedgy Shore,
Tinted with glitt'ring Sands, and shining rich with
Ore :

Howe'er the Pope bestows a Father's Care,
To keep the Nations from the tempting Snare,
Now fond Indulgence, now Oppression reigns,
To bind their Nobles, and their Kings in Chains,
And sometimes, after many tedious Years,
Refers them to the Romish Calendars :
He first their Morals, and Religion, taints,
Then bows to lifeless Dust, and puts them up for Saints,
Which Prostitution may for Ages last,
Whilst Clouds of Ignorance the Earth o'ercast.
Lastly, for Bastard-sons he wisely cares,
And sumptuous Halls, and Palaces, prepares :
Besides, a thousand Tortures rack his Breast,
Which in such narrow Bounds can never be express'd ;
But,

104 Ecclesiastical History

But, like the mighty Cyclops, will I dwell,
Here, at the Entrance of this gloomy Cell;
And ev'ry monstrous Fraud, that dares appear,
Shall grace my List, and find a Station here.

S. I fear the whole Narration would be long,
Should each Deceit at th'utmost Length be sung;
For what fam'd Treacheries don't there abound;
What fly Inventions, and what Tricks are found?
What dull Delusions have the Nations known,
Urg'd by the Mitred Prelate, and the Gown?
Whereby all Doubts, and Jealousies, and Fears,
Have plagu'd the World for twice three Hundred
Years.

But hold — the Curtains of the Night are drawn,
And PHOEBUS Car, by Western Waves o'erflown;
You cannot now, thro' all your Story run,
The next may finish what to Day begun.

P. SOL's Rays the Tow'rs and highest Steeples
gilds,
Tho't be retir'd from the refreshing Fields:
Now, in my Memory the whole remains;
Who knows, but Time may discompose my Brains?

Besides,

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 105

Besides the *Jews*, the *Pagans* Altars rais'd,
And Gods at Home, and Gods Abroad they prais'd ;
Bright Gods of Gold in Princes Closets shone,
With sparkling Di'monds dress'd, and costly Stone ;
Small silver Shrines the noblest Subjects shar'd,
To whom they Bow'd, to whom they Feasts prepar'd ;
Of pure *Corinthian Brass*, and *Iv'ry* some,
Stood at the Entrance of each Plowman's Home ;
Some stately Gods, of *Theban Marble* show
The Works of PHIDIAS, and of ANGELO ;
No Wit, nor Eloquence, no Joy, nor Smart,
Could make th'Adorer from his Shrine to part :
But now, since Miracles are plainly ceas'd,
How stands the Credit of the lying Priest ?
How can They still the gaping Mob beguile ?
Or how their Words and Actions reconcile ?
For, if all Idol-Worship was severe,
How came the *Gentiles* with the *Jews* to share ?
The sly old Patriarch had wisely wrought,
By long Experience, and by Practice, taught,
That Images might still their Rev'ence keep,
Lay but their ancient Heathen Names asleep :

P

So

106 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

SO SATURN, CERES, MERCURY, and Jove,
 MARS, BAGCHUS, PALLAS, and the QUEEN OF LOVE,
 New Votaries receiv'd, were new baptiz'd,
 New Miracles were wrought, and new, old Lies devis'd,
 Then CHRIST, and PETER, PAUL, and MARY stood,
 In Marble some, and others carv'd in Wood;
 The same old Statues grac'd the Christian Frames,
 That sounded lately, with their *Pagan* Names:
 Thus still Idolatry the Faith invades,
 And, more than Truth, a gilded Lye perswades;
 These no bold Prince durst for a Time bewray,
 Their Strength attack, nor Policy betray;
 But, like a fretting Plague, false Worship grew,
 Seiz'd where it roll'd, and spoil'd where'er it flew;
 Till, at the last, the mighty LEO rose,
 Who bravely strove these *Pagans* to oppose:
 Yet, still the Malady, in Part, remain'd,
 Its pois'nous Juices on the Nation drain'd;
 But hence, in bloodless Wars, the Sophists rail,
 Pens, Ink, and Papers, flew about, like Hail:
 Yet still the fatal Image Worship reign'd,
 And all its ancient Influence still maintain'd;

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 107

The diff'rent Party were constrain'd to yield,
Laid down their batter'd Helms, and fairly left the
Field :

The *Pagans*, carv'd and molten Gods rever'd,
And all dumb Statues for Dévotion rear'd ;
Their Feasts, and Fasts to ev'ry one proclaim'd,
And This the *Leader*, That the *Stator* nam'd ;
Besides, whoe'er against their Idols spoke,
Was sure to feel their dire avenging Stroke.

The Feasts of SATURN did of old prevail ;
And are new model'd in the Carnival :
The first in Heath'nish Calendars was plac'd,
In Diaries of Catholicks the last :
Don't you remind the first of blooming *May* ?
When Youths attend to celebrate the Day :
How a large Maypole in the Market's rear'd,
Deck'd up with Garlands, and by them rever'd,
Round which the Youths in rustick State regal'd,
Sung chearful Songs, or their lost Loves bewail'd,
Join'd in a Dance promiscuously around,
And press'd, with nimble Feet, the sacred Ground.

108 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

The *Pagans* this the *Priapeian* call,
 A high, and memorable Festival,
 Whom ev'ry Virgin, ripe for Man's Embrace,
 And ev'ry longing Youth, did with their Presence grace.
 The Feast of *Ambervul* will still remain,
 Whilst wishing Damsels wait a Rural Swain;
 And, when the Harvest in the Barn was stor'd,
 Joy mov'd the Guests, and Plenty fill'd the Board;
 BACCHUS and CERES were with Garlands crown'd,
 And jolly Bowls danc'd merrily around;
 Such Tracks the ancient BACCHANALIANS trod,
 To which each Guest in solemn Splendour rode,
 As from the *Indies* once their boozing God.
 Long have the Fathers divers Notions hid,
 Which Christ's Decrees, and Reason's Rules forbid,
 Whilst They, with specious Shews, the Lands be-
 guile,
 And strive, with too much Haste, to reconcile;
 Nor had this subtle Trick their Ends attain'd,
 And half so many diff'rent Nations gain'd,
 But sundry other Reasons, then combin'd,
 By which their *Pagan* Rites were for a while resign'd.

The

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 109

The Lives of ancient Priests were odious grown,
Their Frauds notorious, and their Vices known;
There sundry Crimes, as in a Center, meet,
Who ev'ry Sin, with Greediness, commit;
Their former Probity was scarce believ'd,
And all these Stories, as Romance, receiv'd.
Whom did not some gross Hypocrites o'er-reach,
With solemn Pace, starch'd Air, and formal Speech?
Who have not yet their dull Delusions learn'd,
Though plain, by ev'ry Soul, to be discern'd?
The ruling Sage, who would be counted Wise,
And all his Rivals does, with Scorn, despise,
Tho' nought but Maggots, in great Numbers, crawl
Forth from the mighty Caverns of his Skull,
Yet dark and mystick Notions will unfold,
And shew strange Miracles, before untold;
Adjust each scrup'lous Querist to a Hair,
Better than GADBURY, or CAMPBELL far;
Yet his vain Boasts his real Merits stain,
We blast with Anger, what we hear with Pain.
The wretched Lives of ev'ry Pagan Priest,
Caus'd Men of Honesty to close with Christ;

Where

110 Ecclesiastical History.

Where Innocence, and human Learning join'd,
To form the Soul a-new, and cultivate the Mind,
Some few ('tis true) embrac'd the Grace Divine,
Because God's Laws in beauteous Order shine;
But Thousands more to these Reformers fled,
Enjoy'd a lazy Life, and serv'd their God for Bread.

S. Pray stop thy Course, These, mighty Vouchers
need,

E'er, in this Way, You any more proceed :
In *Christ*, or his *Elect*, no Harm I find,
To taint the Morals, or debauch the Mind ;
For if, with suppliant Knees, I humbly bend,
And to my God, my earnest Pray'rs ascend ;
Altho' a painted Image strikes my Sight,
I pay no Homage, where I know no Right ;
My Limbs are stubborn, and deny to bow
To any Thing, that Art presents to View ;
No shining Statue can my Vertue stain,
Nor my Devotion from my God detain ;
To none I bow, to none I Incense pour,
To none I sue, nor none I e'er adore,

My

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. III

My Mind, on God above, is wholly bent,
Nor shall the World gainſay my firm Intent.
Can you ſuppoſe the *Romans* void of Senſe?
To couch and bend on ev'ry fly Pretence;
They know, their Images are Wood, or Stone,
Where no Divinity can e'er be ſhown:
Then, What (ſay you) can all theſe Statues mean?
They check our Paſſions, make our Minds ſerene:
What was the brazen Serpent heretofore?
To Tribes that wander'd all the Deſerts o'er.
What were the Cherubims to AARON'S Seed?
(To whom Men proſtrated, as God decreed.)
This, will the preſent Images reſign,
Where ſteady Faith, with fervent Pray'rs combine:
Iſt ſo impoſſible, or ſtrange, to own
That any Man can be ſo ſenſeleſs grown,
As once to think the Godhead takes a Place
Within a Marble, or a Wooden Caſe?
Conſider Human Nature only frail,
O'er whom a gilded Outſide will prevail:
The Priests are hir'd the People to deceive,
The Sots preach up their Gods, the Fools believe:

Soon

112 Ecclesiastical History

Soon as a future State inspires his Breast,
And takes his careless Mind from hurtful Rest,
False Hopes, and Fears, alternately arise,
Stir up the Passions, and the Soul surprize:
So, on He goes, where'er his Senses stray,
Or where the giddy Mob prepare the Way.

The *Pagans* firmly in their Shrines believ'd,
And all their Words, as Oracles, receiv'd;
They, thought the *Priest* was by the God, inspir'd,
His sacred Breast, with Heav'nly Raptures fir'd,
Are you so meanly skill'd in our Affairs,
To think our Superstition suits with theirs?
Whom can your stupid Logs of Idols warn?
Who can a Deity in Paint discern?
When Lights, and solemn Shades, alternate blaze,
The lovely Mixture may the Fancy raise:
From RAPHAEL some proceed, from TITIAN some,
And suit with any Saint in Christendom.
The *brazen Serpent* can't our Minds invade,
Nor can the *Cherubims* themselves perswade,
Tho', by the Almighty's Order, they were made.

Let us now hear what the Holy Ghost says to the Church of Rome. Listen

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 113

Listen attentively to God's Command,
No graven Image shall pollute your Land :
These by his own Appointment were design'd,
To save the sickly Stock, that were to Grace inclin'd :
The gaudy Colours, in the fading Bow,
Were Signs, the Floods should never more o'erflow :
Those who the fiery Serpent's Rage endur'd,
Beheld the sacred Brass, and instantly were cur'd :
Thus steady Faith, by Heav'n's Decree prevail'd,
When all the Arts of baffl'd Physick fail'd.

S. No graven Image e'er my Worship shar'd,
I sought no Aid from those I never fear'd ;
Yea, joyfully my firm Assent I owe,
Lay but these Tricksters open to my View ;
Pursue the Method you had once begun,
Through all its Turns, and winding Mazes run,
And let their dusky Deeds survey the Mid-day Sun.

P. Another frightful Idol still remains,
Which haunts the Groves, and skims along the Plains,
Obscur'd in Shades, and darksome Cells, she lies,
And strikes the Senses sooner than the Eyes ;

Q

Thin-

114 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

Thinner than breathing Blasts of *Southern* Air,
Purer than Rays, from *PHOEBUS* utmost Sphere;
Thro' awful Woods, thro' flow'ry Lanes he strays,
And wings her waving Flight a thousand Ways:
No fleeting Shadow more disdains the Sight,
Or loaths th' Appearance of the Morning Light;
For these are sometimes seen by mortal Eyes;
Those cramp the Senses, and the Soul surprize;
The Phantoms vanish with the dusky Shades,
To Groves retiring, and to lonely Glades,
Where, by dull Phlegmatics, they're sometimes seen
Oppress'd with Vapours, or subdu'd with Spleen.
As all the Depths of true Philosophy,
No studious Artist ever could descry;
Nor can the Saints, that Souls to *Caanan* lead,
In all the thorny Paths of Virtue tread:
So this Idolatry, I here rehearse,
Was never sung in Prose, nor parallel'd in Verse.

S. This mystick Narrative I soon survey,
Without an *OEDIPUS*, to clear the Way:
The doating *PAGANS* deify'd their Dreams,
And still were slow, or hasty, in Extreame;

The

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 115

These, their sly Priests, like waxen Noses, made
To suit whatever Schemes themselves had laid;
Then ev'ry Sot the Hags could eas'ly view,
Though none the Arts of their Deceivers knew,
Who told not whence they came, nor where the
Phantoms flew.

P. Hence empty Fears, of vain Chimera's rise,
Hence Demons spring, hence fabl'd Furies sieze,
Hence all the Monsters, that the Senses shun,
From dull Philosophizing Fools begun:
The Faith from thence on Fathers Notions turn'd,
Whilst Laws were silent, and the Bible scorn'd;
The trembling People wait their Teachers Breath,
And gall opposing Schemes, with hasty Death,
Their Sov'reign's State, with Envy, they behold,
Spurn at his Threats, his secret Wants unfold,
And vex the Head, that glows with Royal Gold.
Few Bibles then, the strictest Search could find;
All were to Monkish Libraries confin'd,
No vulgar Lips must taste such costly Cheer,
Nor sacred Truths salute a Layman's Ear;

Q. 2

For

116 Ecclesiastical History.

For yet no Types Mens Labours multiply'd,
That seem'd, in After-times, to curb their growing
Pride;

The Holy Oracles, in Silence moun'd,
Instead of them new Works were daily turn'd;
In Fathers Hands, the sacred Volumes lay,
Whilst They their own, in pompous Strains convey
To the dull Hearers of a Speech so gay;
And, that these Lectures might go glibly down,
Some leading Don, some Quixot of the Gown,
Was always quoted, in Adventures old,
To vouch the Lies these worthy Fathers told;
For early Hope of Battles yet unfought,
Is, to the Victors, an Advantage thought,
Inspires their Breasts with Hope, and strange Events
has wrought.

S. But why in Temples, and in Times of Pray'r,
Should such a Wretch detain the Publick Ear?
Who, if he was by Heav'nly Love inspir'd,
Or by Infernal Rage, and Fury fir'd,
He surely taught, by means unfit to tell,
And which no vulgar Eye could e'er reveal;

Shall

Ecclesiastical History. 117

Shall Days for marty'd Monarchs seem Divine?
Or Backer's Fate in latest Annals shine?

P. What hath of Old, will still, by Custom, stand,
Whilst empty Books, all Reason's Rules command:
Howe'er his Holiness triumphant reigns,
Surveys the Hills, and tramples o'er the Plains,
Finds out new Lands, and Nations yet unknown,
And fancies all the blinded World his own;
To sacred Works his Titles we refer,
Who proudly vaunts himself St. Peter's Heir,
Grasps all that Earth can to his Pride afford,
And styles himself *The Vicar of the L O R D*;
With princely Names, He princely Pow'r partakes;
(Mark what a Change an empty Title makes.)
The Roman Pontiff is an ancient Name,
Wherewith AUGUSTUS first aspir'd to Fame;
What MOSES, and what AARON were of Old,
To the poor wand'ring Flocks of JACOB'S Fold;
His Holiness pretends, by God's Commands,
The Guardianship of all the Christian Lands;
And, as the Pagans, in obscurer Days,
Tun'd up their Harps with everlasting Praise;

When

118 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

When They the mighty Thund'ers Wars proclaim'd,
Or when, in softer Strains, his melting Loves were
nam'd :
Our modern Jove assumes a higher State,
As grand Dispenser of all Earthly Fate ;
Nor rests contented with a swelling Name,
But dares usurp his great Creator's Fame.
I cannot say, but these are horrid Crimes,
Fit to corrupt the purest Christian Climes :
Tho' the loud Censures of this petty Jove,
Resemble Thunders from the Heavens above :
For when the Thunder strikes an aged Oak,
Or smites a Wall with its excessive Shock,
The Body opens, and the Trunk gives Way,
The Stones are shatter'd, and large Chafins display,
Vast Breaches each Beholder's Eyes explore,
In that which dar'd the loudest Storms before ;
Down come the tott'ring Ruins, to declare
The vengeful Fury of the Thunderer :
So Papal Censures, Towns, and Realms divide,
By Blood, or Int'rest, howsoe'er ally'd ;
The

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 119

The *Guelph* and *Gibelline* engage in War,
Each whets his Launce, and brandishes his Spear,
And grim Destruction hastens from afar ;
Their tender Father sends the sharpest Woes
On them, that fear his Threats, or his Commands op-
pose.

P. To Wealth, these Popes an easy Passage find,
Stretch out their Oars, and sail with ev'ry Wind,
Drawing with Ease, what others get with Pain,
Their God is Gold, their Godliness is Gain ;
New Whims, and various Stratagems they use,
The sev'ral Nations slyly to abuse,
By canting Tricks, and ev'ry curious Wile,
They strive the injur'd People to beguile ;
In ancient Times their Names were much rever'd,
Whoe'er with Treasures tow'rd the Temple steer'd ;
And now if any, by his sov'reign Skill,
Can the Pope's Pow'r enlarge, or Coffers fill,
His Fame to distant Ages shall survive,
Whilst Stocks are worship'd, or whilst Idols live :
Thus, was Idolatry so long preserv'd,
Whilst ev'ry Town their proper Angels serv'd.

S. This

120 Ecclesiastical History.

S. This was a Copy from the *Roman* Laws,
 Who grac'd their *Cæsars* with the like Applause;
 Yet does the Pope no Honours soon bestow,
 Where Stores of Merits don't directly flow;
 Nor can the dying Soul commence a Saint,
 Before a Term of Years his Actions taint.

P. No Wonder, present Times these Lyes disguise,
 Which future Ages will relate with Pain;
 Now was the Road to Heav'nly Mansions clear,
 And nought was harsh, or in the least, severe:
 The Elbows of the Saints on Pillows lean'd,
 The People sow'd, but still the Clergy glean'd;
 Who to the Church, or Lands, or Houses gave,
 In *Satan's* Regions ne'er should be a Slave;
 What was the Way eternal Life to gain?
 Starve but your Sons, and lazy Monks maintain:
 That Man's religious Actions ne'er will die,
 Whilst *Roman* Annals through the Kingdoms fly;
 His Name with noblest Titles shall be grac'd,
 And in the Rank of Heav'nly Seraphs plac'd:
 Altho' the Pope no rigid Methods took,
 'Gainst those who God's united Laws forsook.

Though

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 121

Tho' Faith's high Road, by such large Grants as these,
Might well be trod, and Heav'n attain'd with Ease :
Whatever Wretch durst once his Mind declare,
Against the Vices of the Holy Chair,
Sword, Fire, and Faggot was his certain Due,
Should all the Saints for his Enlargement sue.

Great ANASTASIUS, who the Empire sway'd,
When *Eastern* Realms his mighty Pow'r obey'd,
By Papal Thunder struck, his Pride resign'd,
And learn'd (though late) to curb his haughty Mind;
Why? 'Cause he suffer'd th'Acts of *Chalcedon*,
By his Connivance to be trampled on ;
Tho' divers Checks, and Admonitions came,
From the great Pontiff, to secure their Fame :
But in JUSTINIAN'S Days, this Council rose,
And bore down all that durst its Rage oppose ;
O'er ev'ry Sect'ry that in Worship fail'd,
The utmost Rigour of the Laws prevail'd ;
For his Ambition was to seem devout,
To strike at Schism, and rout Dissentions out ;
Proud of the Title of a learn'd Divine,
Who might the Church's Disciplines refine,

R

Whose

122 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

Whose very Ways the zealous Emp'r took,
 As taught from Heav'n's, or's ghostly Father's Book:
 He, first the Pow'r of Hereticks restrain'd,
 Tho' by the Barriers of God's Laws maintain'd;
 No matter, where Heav'n's Rites, and His agree,
 None urg'd the Cause with greater Force than He;
 But when they don't his motly Rules befriend,
 Down goes the Gospel, and the Law must bend:
 His Fury for the Pope, strange Havock made,
 And Crouds of harmless Innocents betray'd;
 Some fell by Sword, and some expir'd by Flame,
 For 'tis the Cause, that crowns the Martyr's Fame.
 A thousand various Methods then were try'd,
 And Force, and Fraud, but all in vain, apply'd;
 Those dying Saints their Saviour's Glory raise,
 Proclaim'd his ardent Love, and sung their Maker's
 Praise.

The Reins of Pow'r this humble Pope assumes,
 And to decide all Gospel Jars presumes;
 But first the *Goths* were from his Coasts expell'd,
 Who to prevailing Strength were forc'd to yield:

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 123

This Emp'r first the Pope's Ambition rais'd,
Whereby the Flames of Persecution blaz'd;
His Pow'r in sacred Rites to Him resign'd,
Which prov'd the Bane, and Terror of Mankind:
This damn'd the Saints, and that their Coffers fought;
This for a Realm, and That for Treasures fought;
And now the only stumbling Block that lay
Before the Pope, in his Tyrannick Sway,
Must be remov'd, to give Him greater Pow'r
O'er Widows Lands, and Orphans Rights to soar;
This, in the Space of three short Lives He gains,
And, to this Day, his impious Fraud maintains.
TIBERIUS to JUSTINIAN's Throne arriv'd,
'Gainst whom such Plots MAURITIUS had contriv'd,
As Him of Scepter, and of Life depriv'd:
PHOCAS, the next to haughty MAURICE sway'd,
Who using Schemes his Predecessor laid,
The Church's Honour, and his Own betray'd;
He grants the Pope Lord-Paramount to reign,
O'er all the Realms, that NAPTUNE's Waves enchain;
Full far and wide, to spread His high Commands,
And bind proud Monarch in His sacred Bands;

124 Ecclesiastical History.

They both much Blood, for their Advancement, spill;
Sharers in Sway, as Partners in their Guilt.

Now comes a Check, no higher can he rise,
Even here his stated *Ne plus ultra* lies;

He spreads his Terrors to far distant Climes,
Confirms their Tenets, or condemns their Crimes;

Strutting, like Æsop's Jay, in borrow'd Plumes,

New Airs, new Manners, with new Realms assumes;

Studies to use the wheeling Gifts of Fate,

As best becomes his high-exalted State;

Her Favours to accept, her Sweets employ,

And what she sends, as Comforts to enjoy:

He thought she largely had her Bounties show'd,

And wish'd his grand Possessions well secur'd;

Then since endu'd with Pow'r so near Divine,

He strives to see which Stars auspicious shine,

Which dart out Rays, destructive to his Reign,

Or point his Doom to break the Nation's Chain;

Which Realms to lessen, or augment in Pow'r,

Which to exalt, and which to trample lower;

But, in his Judgment, He might lord it sure,

Could He the sacred Pages once secure;

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 125

No more to check his golden Dreams they'd rise;
Nor stem his Passions, with a quick Surprise;
For, by this Time, the *Latin* Language ceas'd,
Which for some Ages had this Clime possess'd;
And many barb'rous Pedantries conduce,
To patch the Language, now in vulgar Use:
So the same People, who were Blind before,
By Popish Mists, that Spread their Senses o'er,
Stand now amaz'd at such a shocking Theme;
For all the Pray'rs in use were *Arabick* to them:
The Priests alone the Scriptures understand,
Who read the ancient Language of the Land;
But the deaf Audience know but How, and When,
With hollow Tone, to tout a long *AMEN*;
A Church's Safety on one Priest does fall,
And He alone must preach and pray for All;
God's Words from Him in uncouth Terms are told,
Who learns to Cant, like Oracles of Gold:
But, should you grant, that Sacred Truths reveal
The Ways of God, which modern Tracts conceal,

Set

126 Ecclesiastical History.

Set but your Steps, as *Remish* Priests advise,
Your Sins (say They) shall ne'er in Judgment rise,
To rack your Conscience at the Great Affize.

S By no base Ends, but Wisdom duly weigh'd,
The Scriptures to the Laity were deny'd;
Old JACOB'S Sons were barr'd from climbing up,
By thorny Paths, to burning *Sina's* Top;
MOSES alone, that happy Passage trod,
Endur'd the Glory, and enjoy'd his God:
The Church, of late's, by diff'ring Sects betray'd,
By Teachers couzen'd, by Impostures sway'd;
So many new Religions there are grown,
That ev'ry Family almost has one:
Here's th' Independent, there's the Quaking Train,
The Baptist, and the Presbyterian,
With BROWN, and MUGGLETON to guard the Rear,
With many more, too tiresom for the Ear,
Who jointly strove to bath their Swords in Blood,
By Revelation from their lying God;
Some up to *Sina's* Mount force on their Way,
Some in the flow'ry Vales of steep *Parnassus* stray.

You

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 127

P. You see but darkly, through a thin Disguise,
To think our Plagues from sacred Volumes rise;
For deeply rooted in the Clergy's Mind,
The Dregs of Rage, and Malice lay confin'd;
Ambition there with Avarice agree,
Pride, and Revenge, and innate Cruelty;
The wand'ring Flocks, in wild Disorder, stray,
These suffer Hunger, whilst their Pastors sway,
Who stun their Hearers with exalted Strains,
Fleece them throughout, and pocket up the Gains:
When Rome became a Prey to Nations rude,
Who all her Customs, and her Rites subdu'd,
Thence Priests, small Remnants of Religion brought,
Which in the Ruins of the Church were sought;
These Scraps the modern Presbyter denies,
And claims a Title to the tatter'd Prize:
Thus bloody Wars, and pious Frauds commence,
No Age was spar'd, nor helpless Innocence;
Involv'd in one promiscuous Ruin all,
The Peer, and Peasant undistinguish'd fall;
No Faults on sacred Learning could be laid,
The heedless Rout, by Priestcraft were betray'd.

To

128 Ecclesiastical History.

To Rome's declining State my Muse returns,
 Her batter'd Turrets, and her weeping Urns;
 The pope round Cæsar's Tombs relentless strays,
 His bleeding Flocks, with careless Eyes surveys;
 There Clouds of Darkness, and Confusion meet,
 Both in the Pulpit, and the Judgment-Seat;
 In awful dullness, which He caus'd, He reigns,
 And o'er all Christian Souls despotick Pow'r maintains,
 A Pow'r like this, these crafty Prelates screen'd,
 When the fam'd Synod first at Nice conven'd;
 (But oh! too fast the Royal Favours fall
 On those, who People, with their Prince enthral)
 No Point of Faith by any must be try'd,
 But by that Bench, to Heav'n so near ally'd;
 They ask, He gives, They beg, He ne'er denies,
 They still petition, He as oft replies,
 Till half his Royal Right in large Donations flies:
 So much the Clergy, by his Mildness, gain'd,
 They Independant of their Monarch reign'd:
 In ev'ry Cause, whoe'er for Ease resorts,
 Was forc'd, by false Proceedings to their Courts;

Long

Ecclesiastical History. 129

Long Time they thus, as petty Princes, sway'd,
Sent out their Laws, and were like Gods obey'd;
Long they their Sovereign's ruling Pow'r despis'd,
And, to prevent his Storms, new Engines were devis'd;
No Priest could answer for a Breach of Laws,
But where a Bench of Clergy judg'd the Cause;
Backing their Doctrine from the Chief of Saints,
When He, the Church's Rights, in glowing Colours
paints.

Don't peaceful Men your own Assemblies fill,
To end your Quarrels by their Heav'nly Skill?

S. What God indulg'd, when bloody Monsters
reign,

Ought not a peaceful Monarchs Laws to stain;
When Saints could scarce preserve their Lives secure;
Think you their Laws, and Liberties were sure
Thus, to the Clergy with Impunity,
All horrid Sins, of ev'ry Sort, were free:
If Theft, or Fornication, was their Crime;
Guilt ne'er so black, or Perj'ries, tho' sublime;
Far from the Nation's Laws, th'Offender's flowing
To a sham Bench of Justice of their own.

130 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

If any Villain, barbarous and rude,
 His miscreant Hands in Princely Blood imbru'd ;
 And, but in Time, the Church's Safety chose,
 The Church should screen him from the Fear of Laws;
 But should a Layman once the Church assail,
 Or seem her Privileges to curtail;
 Nay, tho' in Writings, or in Words employ'd,
 To vote the Force of Churchmen's Censures void ;
 Fire, Flames, and Faggots are their constant Cry ;
 Thus Clergy prosecute, thus Laymen die.
 Oh Saints ! (if yet the Name of Saint remains)
 What Deity could breathe these impious Strains ?
 These were the Acts of Ignorance, and Lust,
 Who strove to hide their hellish Acts in Dust ;
 And, that they might for ever lie conceal'd,
 They burnt the Men, that had but Part reveal'd ;
 Halters, and Axes then came streaming down,
 And less, the Laws were dreaded than the Gown ;
 New Villanies they chose, to cloak the Old,
 Hot in all Mischief, in Religion Cold.

But LUTHER once from *German* Coasts will come,
 To blast the Honours, and the Pomp of *Rome* ;

He'll

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 131

He'll set their pious Frauds to publick Show,
And, with his Saxon Thunder, strike them low.

Ambition seldom lives to hoary Years,
Tho' present Profits dissipate their Fears;
What vain Philosopher, but would have scorn'd
To see his Schemes, by Laymens Wit, o'eturn'd;
To view the empty Jargon of the Schools,
Penn'd by dull Pedants, and maintain'd by Fools,
Trampled, as Rubbish, tho' the Clergy's Rules.
In those loose Times the *Monothelites* rose,
Who did the Church, in divers Rites, oppose,
Oppress'd her Members, and condemn'd her Laws;
Then were the Flocks from her dear Bosom torn,
Her Statutes trampled, and expos'd to Scorn:
Then durst the Pope, without his Prince's Leave,
A Synod call, their Losses to retrieve:
Strange Insolence! this haughty Priest presumes
To fix the Church's Rules, and state the Nation's
Dooms;

Then Mob, by knavish Prelates, were beguil'd,
And reigning Kings, with Heresy revil'd;

132 Ecclesiastical History

Then did they strive their Monarchs to restrain,
To the fly Whimseys of some Pedant's Brain,
Who walks by Measure, and who eats by Rule,
Still ploding on, still regularly dull.

S. From Laws on Earth the Royal Scepter's free,
No Subjects ought to tax their Liberty;
With God alone, promiscuous Fate they share
With meanest Peasants, who their Shackles wear.

P. The Laws of God, such trifling Things despise,
They point out Life, and warn us to be Wise,
Lights to our Feet, and Guides to all our Ways,
Our Wills they govern, our Devotions raise;
But these dark Rules, to purer Times unknown,
No Laws will warrant, nor no Gospel own;
Such fatal Doctrines, Hags can only spy,
Who dwell in Darkness, and all Truths defy:
A thousand Wills this motly Godhead seize,
Whilst sometimes this, and then Contraries please,
To diff'rent Rites, at diff'rent Times inclin'd,
Frail as lost Man, and wav'ring as the Wind.
I and my Sire are ONE, our Saviour says;
Can the same God two diff'rent Wills express?

These

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 133

These are the Glimm'rings of sophistick Rays,
Which plagu'd the Church in our Forefathers Days;
The bearded Sages, in that early Time,
When magisterial Sophists reign'd sublime,
Told pretty Stories of the Soul's Demise,
How all th' Affections move, and how the Passions rise.
Our Frame's the Cottage, where the Soul resides,
Who all her wand'ring Motions fairly guides;
Disputes no Orders, nor her Pow'r withstands,
But yields Obedience to her Lord's Commands;
So that whate'er is by such Order done,
Nor Soul, nor Body, can the Action own;
But ev'ry Part of the well-order'd Frame,
Performs his Office, and requires his Fame;
The Sight, the Taste, the Hearing, Touch, and Smell,
Not the whole Mass performs, but each in Part excel;
Some certain Object strikes the curious Eye,
Which the quick Sight, with Pleasure will descry;
But other Members, otherways design'd,
No Objects move, but to all Sights are blind:
Sounds swiftly flying, pierce the list'ning Ear,
Whilst still the grosser Body cannot hear:

Notions,

134 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Notions, when crude, the Understanding strains,
Reason points out, and Memory retains;
Judgment discerns, the Will's the Ruler deem'd:
So Man is well, a lesser World esteem'd.

P. Pray where will all this subtle Jargon end?
Can these fine Notions to Salvation tend?
Will philosophick Quibbling save the Soul?
The Heav'nly Pow'rs oppose, or Hellish Fiends con-
troul?

Clear Scripture Doctrines will for ever shine,
Throughout all Ages, and all Times Divine;
But no such simple Rites were once receiv'd,
They're gain'd with Trouble, and with Pain believ'd:
No deadly Sins will *Grecian* Wisdom screen;
Nor are these learned Dons the most serene;
The racking Torment, that th'Ungodly find,
Were ne'er for bungling Sophisters design'd;
But for These, swoln with Arrogance and Pride,
Who human Rights, and holy Laws deride;
There shall the murd'ring Crew for ever wail,
Whilst no posthumous Pray'rs can e'er prevail;

There

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 135

There Thieves, and Lyars shall intreat, in vain,
One Moment's Respite from avenging Pain;
And if one Slip denote such Dangers nigh,
Where shall our Doctors, and their Pupils lie?

P. When these went down, new spreading Errors
reign'd,

Which sundry Monarchs, many Years, sustain'd;
The Church their Heathen Profelytes receiv'd;
But spar'd their Idols, which they most believ'd;
The Names were only chang'd: Thus Poison taints;
Concluding Idols, and commencing Saints;
To these, fresh Pray'rs they make, fresh Incense pour,
As serve, just as when *Pagan* Gods before:
Against this dang'rous Vice the Priests complain'd,
And shew'd its Tendency, when *LEO* reign'd;
By Words and Writings, they express'd their Fears,
And stemm'd the Tide, for near a hundred Years;
But Image Worship was in vain oppos'd,
Their Foes were Victors, and the Faith expos'd:
Thus gross Idolatry at length return'd,
Stretch'd out its Pinions, and the Empire mourn'd;

For

136 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

For near this Time the *Saracens* assail'd,
And under MAH'MET, o'er their Foes, prevail'd;
When, joining with the *Turks*, fresh Fields they gain'd,
And th' *Eastern* World, with Floods of Grimfon
stain'd:

Then Heresy, long Time, in Silence slept,
And thro' the *Western* World its Vigils kept,
Seem'd to be spent, and waisting to its Urn,
In after Times, with Fury, to return.
What from the Pope in *Eastern* Parts was gain'd,
He equal Profits in the *West* obtain'd:
If *Turks* in *Greece* his Provinces o'erun,
The Christians suffer'd tow'rds the setting Sun:
Strange Miracles, by sundry Saints, were wrought,
The Laws new vamp'd, and a new Gospel taught:
These Doctors nearer Ways to Heav'n allow,
Than any of their doating Grandfires knew:
Fresh Saints, into the Kalendar, they place,
Whose Tombs, great Numbers of Religious grace;
For none, before his Death, a Saint is deem'd,
Tho' ne'er so Godly, or so Wise, esteem'd;

But

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 8137

But when a hundred Years are fully run,
And most of his Co-temporaries gone:
Then out there quickly comes a glaring Saint,
Smear'd with the Daubing of the Church's Paint:
Far fewer Legends flow'd from Homer's Store,
Than our *Papa*, the Church's Governor,
Does from his consecrated Knapsacks pour.

S. The *Nine* Faith, (if ancient Tales be true)
Had some small Miracles, at least, to shew:
One Holy Father, of undoubted Zeal,
Whose Lash, the Hereticks were us'd to feel,
Not having Time, before his latest Breath,
To sign the Council, sign'd it after Death;
The Priests, with Records, to's Sepulchre came,
Praying, that he would there subscribe his Name;
When all departing, and the Gravestone seal'd,
For Fear some Treachery should lie conceal'd,
Next Day returning, all the Acts were sign'd:
So much deceased Prelates are, we find,
To Acts of Grace, and Piety inclin'd:
His Brethren all their joyful Thanks made known,
For such great Miracles, and Mercies shown.

T

P. Pray

138. *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

P. Pray did King CONSTANTINE this Story hear?
Or did the crafty Prelacy forbear,
With such a Scene, to shock a Monarch's Ear?

S. I know not. P. Sure they mighty Vouchers need,
Whoe'er so dark romantick Mazes heed.

Why was not He, as a chief Witness, call'd,
When this new Miracle so loud was bawl'd?
That so the Faith might farther have prevail'd,
And baffl'd all its Foes, when worldly Wisdom fail'd:
But neither could the well-discerning Prince,
Or hear, or see, or After-times convince,
When the gross Legend was contriv'd long since.

These Prelates could th' Infernal Pow'rs command,
Without the Assistance of a Magick Wand:
(For the gross Names of Demon, Hag, or Fiend,
The whole long Tribe of Spectres comprehend:)
As likewise, without Fear of any Spell,
All frightful Bugbears from Highways repel;
With Ghosts, that in the Cemeteries croud
To wail their State, all muffled in a Shroud;
They could a-packing send th' unwelcome Guest,
Which, with Infernal Rage, a human Frame possess'd.

Ecclesiastical HISTORY 139

A *Holy Priest* all Learning comprehends,
And no more Malice (*than the rest*) intends:
The People thus, by specious Shews, are gull'd,
And both by Pastors, and by Prelates fool'd.

S. The lying Demon, which they now retain,
Ought to be curb'd, or taught a diff'rent Strain;
If e'er they strive the Blessed Seats to reach,
Or that we should believe the Truths they preach.

P. Add here, the Sp'rit of Avarice and Pride,
So much by haughty Prelates deify'd;
Of Strife, Revenge, and innate Cruelty,
Of outward Zeal, and inward Treachery.
Their Miracles I purposely omit,
Only for Quacks, and Morrice-Dancers fit;
None but a gaping Crew can e'er receive
The stupid Legends these Apostles leave.

Now did a Monarch, of the *Lombard* Race,
Part of the Holy Father's Kingdoms trace;
A Layman too, who boldly dar'd to draw
His Sword, in Spite of all the Church's Law;
Then CHILPERICK in ancient *Gallia* reign'd,
Who, by his Sloth, the Name of *Stupid* gain'd;

140 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

He, in his Realm, did neither Harm, nor Good,
 Indulg'd his Ease, and for a Cypher stood;
 Whom active PIPPIN, at his Pleasure rul'd,
 Us'd all his Forces, and his Foes controul'd;
 The Pope to PIPPIN sues, nor sues in vain,
 The haughty Lombard's Fury to restrain;
 He, with all Speed, th' Italian Climes surveys,
 The mighty Terror of his Arms displays,
 Conquers the Lombards in a bloody Field,
 Who, from the Pope, his ancient Lands withheld:
 If now you ask, what PIPPIN did acquire,
 As a Reward, for this His matchless Fire;
 He's made the King of Gaul, and CHILPERICK a Friar.
 But farther Troubles did their Sweets invade,
 After King PIPPIN in his Grave was laid;
 The haughty Lombard sounds afresh to Arms,
 Invades the Popedom, and their Force disarms;
 Till CHARLEMAIN, Great PIPPIN's valiant Son,
 Gain'd all the Countries, which the Lombards won,
 Drawing his Armies to the Walls of Rome,
 When They, with Schisms, and Factions were o'er-
 come:

Peace,

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 141

Peace, and the Popedom, were again restor'd,
By Strength of Argument, and Dint of Sword:
So LEO Pope, by Force of Arms, became;
LEO, the Third of that tremendous Name;
Nor was the Pope ungrateful, or unkind,
(Ever to great, and gen'rous Acts inclin'd;)
To CHARLEMAIN, the Valiant, and the Brave,
He the large Empire of the CÆSARS gave.

S. Strange Bounties, such stupendous Gifts produce;
Who can but wonder at this great Abuse?
What Pow'r could *Italy*, or *France*, attain
O'er us, by *Hills* disjoin'd, and sever'd by the *Main*?
LEO on CHARLES, and CHARLES on Him bestow'd,
What both pursu'd, but neither justly ow'd.

S. Ne'er matter Right, the mighty Deed was done,
Tho' each bestow'd, what never was his own;
Yet This the Earth, and That the Church, o'erul'd,
This plagu'd the Bodies, That the Conscience fool'd,
No warlike Sound could half so loudly call
To Arms, as his Ecclesiastick Bawl;
Whole Shoals of Saints, of fundry Sorts appear'd,
Who nothing more than Church's Censures fear'd:

142 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

A Trumpet's Sound may warn the Church's Foes,
 Or summons Wretches, who the Truth oppose;
 But ev'ry Blast, these *Sacred Rams-Horns* blow,
 Are solemn Warnings of approaching Woe:
 He CHARLES's Head enclos'd with Royal Gold,
 Whilst Crouds of Slaves, the shining Gift behold;
 With one united Voice, the joyful Throng,
 Applaud his Choice, and chearful Jo's sung;
 Loud Peals of roaring Thunder rend the Skies,
 And artful Fireworks in long Order rise;
 The Hills, and Vales, and hollow Rocks rebound,
 Send back their Notes, and strike the welcome Sound;
 Each vaulted Dome, the Eccho loud repeats,
 Till lost in yielding Air, the lessen'd Noise retreats.
 Now had the Pope the Royal Gift bestow'd,
 And CHARLES's Heart, with Princely Ardour, glow'd;
 No greater Favours could the Monarch crave;
 For, with the Crown, the Pope his Blessing gave;
 Streight some, with shrillest Voices, loudly cry,
 'Tis *God that gives*, what Mortal dares deny;
 Whether this Notion from the People flew,
 By Chance, or by Appointment, none e'er knew:

Thw^s

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 1143

Thus, as when spreading Flames in Thickets rise,
First smallest Twigs, and nearest Shrubs, they seize;
But, when the Winds their freshest Breezes send,
And on all Sides, the glowing Fires defend,
No Creature can their cruel Force restrain;
But all, with wild Amaze, forsake the blazing Plain:
So when the Mob, *The Gift of God* descry'd,
Soon ev'ry Mouth *The Gift of God* reply'd;
The Gift of God's the only ruling Sound,
In which all other weaker Notes are drown'd:
All Christian Kingdoms, after this, were giv'n,
By the Pope's Hands, and the Decrees of Heav'n;
And 'tis, by universal Voice, agreed,
Whoe'er the Pope requir'd, kind Heav'n decreed;
But sure no Age, or Chronicle affords
Such dreadful Consequence of hasty Words;
Or else the King, with glaring Pomp deceiv'd,
The Holy Father's Words, for Oracles receiv'd:
Thus ancient Customs, Force of Laws attain,
And Royal Offspring seek their Rights in vain:
He, He alone, obtains the publick Voice,
Who's both the Pope's, and the Almighty's Choice;

For

144 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

For where the Pray'rs of Christ's Vicegerent shine,
 On Heav'n's Decrees, the Sanction's sure Divine.
 The Kings of *Gallia* have endeavour'd long,
 To make these Gifts of *ROME's* Chief *PONTIFF*
 strong;
 To spread in warlike Triumphs, and in Fame;
 But still the *Popish* *CÆSAR's* but a Name:
A Name, which lasting Annals will rehearse,
 In smoothest Songs, and in the sweetest Verse;
A Name, that Life, and warlike Rage inspires,
 With strictest Justice, and with brightest Fires;
 But *Roman* Eagles diff'rent Climes have chose,
 And long, on *ISTER's* Banks, enjoy'd a calm Repose.
 The chiefest racking Thought, that now remains,
 To vex his Holiness, or turn his Brains,
 Is, to survey each Potentate around,
 To see how Arts, and Sciences abound,
 To keep them all, amongst themselves employ'd,
 Left any, with his present Station cloy'd,
 Should search (by leisure led, or Fortune cross'd)
 For Rights, or Realms, by his Forefathers lost;

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 145

His Princely Care did to each Peasant lead,
That no dull Authors should disturb his Head;
No musty Volumes should his Sleep repel,
Those lay confin'd to some old Monkish Cell;
So much against all Learning was his Dread,
Some Priests could write, and some could hardly read.
His Holiness, by wisest Councils try'd,
Has lately, Marriage to the Gown, deny'd;
The Story's for a Truth sincerely told;
But then the Pope, and all his Mates were Old;
And, tho' their ancient Rites he now explores,
And takes away their Wives, He grants them Whores.

S. A Priest might stand within the Holy Place,
Tho' he came reeking from a Whore's Embrace;
But if once marry'd, all Preferment's gone,
Church-Pensions vanish, and the Man's undone.

P. A Nose of Wax the Sacred Laws are made,
To turn, and twist to ev'ry Sophist's Head;
Within this Grass a basking Serpent lies,
Who slyly lurks and seizes by surprize:
Christ says, In Heav'n, where endless Raptures twine,
None in the Bands of Holy Wedlock join;

146 Ecclesiastical History.

No Lover there laments his cold Disdain,
 None tells his Grief, or sighs with inward Pain;
 None on the stately Trees engraves his Woe,
 Nor any Signs of flowing Tears can show;
 None to the Springs, or lonely Shades retreats,
 Or doleful Strains to Ecchoing Rocks repeats;
 No Lady there her Husband's Absence mourns;
 None pines with Grief, or with fresh Ardour burns;
 No Scenes of Earthly Passions vex the Mind,
 No Pangs of Rage, or Jealousy, they find;
 No Rivals there, disturb their calm Repose;
 No Dash of Gall, in Bowls of Nectar flows;
 No nipping Frosts benumb the happy Swain;
 But never-fading Verdures cloth the Plain,
 And all in Bow'rs of Bliss to latest Ages reign.

In fine, the Saints that fill the bless'd Abodes,
 Like Angels live, and revel like the Gods;
 Cleans'd from all Earthly Dregs, they upward rise,
 Behold their Maker, in far distant Skies,
 No Part of Heav'nly Bliss, in dull Enjoyment lies;
 Now these wise Doctors count all Orders vain,
 Unless their Priests from Marriage Rites abstain;

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 147

But this false Gloss entirely shrinks away,
When once enlighten'd with a Glimpse of Day;
Nor can its Poison any Mortal stain;
But those that in a Popish Darkness reign;
'Twas well contriv'd, and nobly handed down,
T'exclude the Mitre from the glaring Crown;
Two diff'rent Ways no Pilot safely steers,
One He must quit, or else in both He errs;
And none, without a never-failing Guide,
Can o'er the Church, and o'er the State preside;
The Offices of Prince, and Priest combin'd,
Has brought much Plague, and Terror on Mankind;
The Flesh and Spirit in Confusion rise,
Civil and spiritual Broils at once surprize;
These skillful Statesmen wisely did foresee,
Such diff'rent Functions never could agree;
And that the Land, by Tyranny would bleed,
Whene'er the Crown adorn'd the Prelate's Head:
What if, by this, the Kingdom wants an Heir?
Or a Successor to the Past'ral Care?
Is not the King, (the Nation's Darling Theme)
For ev'ry Cause, in every Case, Supream?

148 *Ecclesiastical History.*

The Governor in Chief o'er all the Throng,
That to the Church, as well as State, belong;
He can Sub-Pastors, at his Will, create,
To tend the Flocks, and at the Altars wait;
The Care of Souls to any Person's given,
Who knows, and treads the Scripture Paths to Heav'n;
The due Regard, the constant Watch they keep,
Distinguish well the Shepherd from the Sheep.

P. But how could Kings, for Valour chiefly fam'd,
Solve all the Doubts, which Papal Pow'r proclaim'd?
No Earthly Prince to Papal Wisdom grew,
Or all the Arts of Christ's Vicegerent knew;
Compar'd to Popes, all Monarchs dully reign,
Whose Ease, like CHARLICK'S, often proves their
Bane.

S. These Frauds so openly themselves betray,
And glare so publick, in the Face of Day,
The People must, of course, their Smells have lost,
Whoe'er had but an Inch of Nose to boast.

P. Noses there were, but still the Smelling fail'd,
Whilst such a dreadful *Polypus* prevail'd;

Where

Ecclesiastical History 149

Where that o'erun, all subtle Arts were brew'd,
Sly, as a Fox, and, as a Lyon, proud;
Wisdom, by Study, and by Method's taught
To Minds, with useful Morals duly fraught;
But our *Pope* takes an exalted Flight,
Locks Arts, and Holy Writ from vulgar Sight;
Spoils tow'ring Souls, and Men to Wit enclin'd,
And leaves a blockish Progeny behind.

S. How can a Fool from early Precepts rise,
Whose very Method teach him to be Wise?

P. Folly, you'll think's impossible to learn,
And that our daily Observations warn;
But some, thro' all their Lives, still play the Fool,
And take vast Pains to be accounted dull;
Tho' he that would immortal Dulness reach,
In Want of Thought, in Emptiness of Speech,
Must all the Pope's Instructions fully gain,
Th' unfathomable Depths of Ignorance t'attain:
'Tis difficult to teach declining Years,
Or give fresh Rudiments to hoary Hairs;
But Youth, by fewer reigning Passions sway'd,
An easy Conquest to fresh Laws is made:

Like

150 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

Like Virgins Wax, in smoothest Plates confin'd,
It takes th' Impression, whatsoe'er's design'd :
No Heights of Folly, Mortals can disguise,
Like empty Pops, that would be counted Wise.

S. 'Tis sure, the highest Pitch of Folly reigns
In those, who ne'er discern their Want of Brains;
With long Disputes, all Auditors they stun,
And ever in the sleepy Circle run;
Still charm'd with Nonsense, eager to engage,
Their Hearers tir'd with each dull labour'd Page,
Sit down with Silence, but conclude with Rage.

P. Yet this same Monster's not of Nature's Brood,
(Begot like Vermin, from the slimy Mud ;)
For Rules of Art in this Composure strive,
And a like Race, from Parent Loins survive ;
Who, from dull Phiz, delirious Doctrine throws,
Or sends such pois'nous Drivel from his Jaws ;
Who his loud-sounding empty Jargon vends,
To tease his Readers, and perplex his Friends ;
Whose Wit New Bedlam's Rounds can only reach,
Where Fools are Hearers, and where Madmen preach ;

For

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 151

For who can tell, but this inviting Strain
May tinge the Borders of some Pupil's Brain,
And then a lasting Progeny may reign.

S. I grant, that Fools surprizing Heights may climb,
By fam'd Instructions, and by Length of Time ;
But where, in different Lights, the Monster's shewn,
In Star, or Garter, Frier's Hood, or Gown :
He thinks Mankind should by his Compass steer,
That each should sound his Praise, that his dull Jargon
hear :

Tell where, or when, or by what Masters won,
Such dire Contagions in the Realms begun.

P. When CHARLES, the new made Emperor, arose,
By the Perswasions of the Pope, He chose
His friendly Aid, to drooping Arts to join,
That Wit, and Learning in his Realms might shine ;
In small Apartments, ev'ry Student's press'd,
And writes, or reads, whatever pleases best ;
But then a Fabrick, dazzling to the Eyes,
Does, from these Labours, to the Muses rise ;
The fam'd *Sorbonne*, far distant Nations know,
From whence the learned Doctors daily flow ;

By

1152 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

By this Example, Kings, and Nobles build
 Stupendous Piles, for those in Science skill'd;
 Gardens, and Books, of ev'ry Sort, they have,
 That Heart can wish, or Expectation crave;
 But still the Pope did o'er the Train preside,
 Their Tutors chose, and did their Laws provide;
 For Fear the Light, Philosophy reveals,
 Should blind the Romish Faith, or trip up Pop'ry's
 Heels.

S. This will not down; His Holiness, no doubt,
 Can each Man's Actions to his Senses suit;
 And when another Progeny should rise,
 They'd all their Predecessors Arts despise;
 For since, He all their Sciences enthralls,
 Within the Compass of his cloister'd Walls:
 Since Wit and Learning mourn their silent Grave,
 And e'en Religion is his humble Slave,
 What hinders, but he may whole Realms command,
 Who bear the Mark of his Infernal Brand?
 To hunt the Wretches, that his Laws disdain,
 To buy with Bribes, or persecute with Pain:

And

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 153

And sure, if Bribes and Terrors both should fail,
The consecrated Dagger must prevail :
Th' indulgent Dame may keep her Sons in Awe,
Whilst Bowls of Wine, with subtle Poisons flow ;
Whilst Death can lurk beneath the Sacred Host,
And Flames their purifying Virtue boast :
Well may a Ponyard plead the Church's Cause,
When saucy Hereticks defy her Laws ;
Well may their Souls, like Traitors, take the Wing,
Push'd headlong hence, by an unlucky Swing :
Sometimes whole Shoals Her Tenderness may feel,
When inward Malice spurs her outward Zeal ;
When sacred Balls, from shining Musquets fly,
Then Crouds of obstinate Contenders die ;
Justly they feel the Church's glowing Flame,
Who dare, with impious Tongues, her Rights blaspheme,
Whom neither Threats can warn, nor lasting Woes
can tame.

P. All this was done ; but what a grov'ling Soul
Did thro' the World, for many Ages, roul ?

154 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

What stupid Sentences from *Lombard* flow'd?
 How long did *Scottish Duns* detain the Croud?
 These, for a while, the *Paris Doctors* sway'd,
 Their proud Decrees, both High and Low obey'd;
 And still their Fame in Romish Regions lives,
 And Envy's Blasts, and Time's Decays survives.

S. Now Fame her prostituted Charms bestows
 On Good and Bad, and small Distinction shows:
 What Glory did these wrangling Sophists gain?
 To what prodigious Heights of Pow'r attain?
 How like blind Fate, does she her Gifts dispense,
 To Men, with mighty Beards, but scarce a Grain of Sense?
 How have succeeding Schollars stood amaz'd,
 When in the Works of these Divines they gaz'd?
 And pray what Lights in either Saint did shine,
 To make Posterity revere his Shrine?
 What wond'rous Sanctity adorn'd his Mind?
 To what strange Virtues, or what Arts inclin'd?
 The Great *ACHILLES* lives in *HOMER's* Verse,
 And *CÆSAR* weeps at gen'rous *AMMON's* Herse:
 No wonder, These the Teeth of Fame defy,
 And gain an endless Immortality:

The

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 155

The Heroe's Rage inspir'd the Poet's Pen;
They shine, like Angels, tho' they dy'd like Men:
This shall suffice, if e'er the circling Sun
Has view'd from Me some worthy Action done:
Let snarling Cynicks empty Clamours raise,
The Just shall ever reap the Fruits of Praise.

P. LOMBARD, and DUNS from *Scotland*, first arose,
From various Books, new Doctrines to compose;
From Scriptures, Fathers, and the *Stagyrite*,
A wretched Medley, They confus'dly write:
The *Roman* Language, in those gloomy Cells,
Dwindles to Dogg'rel, or to Fustian swells;
Strange uncouth Terms, their mighty Works confus'd,
Of half the Words the BABEL-BUILDERS us'd.
What Tongue, I pray, did all these Volumes grace,
Writ in that Age, and by the learned Race?

P. The God of Dullness first these Doctors dos'd,
And, with huge Draughts, their muddy Brains compos'd;
The flamm'ring Muse, the second Progress run,
And crown'd the Work, the sleepy God begun,
Whoever deeply drinks their flowing Bowls,
It cramps the Spirits, and the Sense controuls;

156 Ecclesiastical History.

New Whims, new Notions of the Godhead rise,
 And broken Sentences confound the Wise :
 So houzing Blades all Objects doubly view,
 The shining Lights a double Lustre shew ;
 Wild Notions seem their Senses to invade,
 And o'er their Intellects project a Shade :
 So CIRCE'S Cup transforms the Human Shape,
 And This an *Ass* becomes, and that an *Ape* ;
 A *Lyon* This, and That a savage *Bear* ;
 This roars with Courage, That sinks down with Fear ;
 They're plac'd, as Watchmen, at her Gates to stand,
 To execute the Hag's unjust Command :
 The *Schoolmen* thus, support their *Founder's* Cause,
 The Gospel mangle, and confound the Laws :
 Strange Love of *Lore* the rambling *Greeks* detain'd,
 No more their Country's Loss their Thoughts maintain'd :
 So *Schoolmen* once, by *Papish* Maxims, rul'd,
 No farther Rev'rence for their Monarchs hold ;
 This to the *Schoolmen*, and the *Greeks* became,
 Their Natures chang'd, their outward Forms the same
 When from strict Discipline a Pupil's free,
 And has regain'd his ancient Liberty ;

Tho'

Ecclesiastical History 857

Tho' rude in Nature, and in Art unskill'd;
Yet with a Holy Zeal, and Ardour fill'd;
He bauls aloud, and lustily complains;
He thrives by Vices, and by Lewdness gains;
The Novice too instructs, corrects, reproveth,
And turns, and winds, just as the Spirit moveth:
His Types, and Tropes, and Cinnamon Places drains,
And matchless Order in his Cant maintains;
Whate'er he says, from Truth itself proceeds;
Thus is the Gospel choak'd with Hellish Weeds;
Whate'er the Pope commands for Truth, they tell,
Who preach no sacred Volume, but his Will;
To grant Obedience to the Holy Chair,
Tho' an Apostle, or an Atheist's there,
Fierce as a Wolf, and savage as a Bear.
Thus different Paths Religion long has trod,
And Popes Decrees o'erul'd the Laws of God;
All these, and more, unwarrantable Rules,
Usurp'd the Church, and thunder'd from the Schools;
So Youth, in early Bloom, and sanguine Hope,
Forgot their Maker, and ador'd the Pope;

Con-

168 Ecclesiastical History.

Contempt of Kings, with their Religion grew,
 And Absolution waits the wicked Crew;
 The Mobile, now exempt from Order, steal,
 And monstrous Scenes of Villainy reveal;
 Pretend that God has broke the Race of Kings,
 Dissolv'd the Rule, and chang'd the Mode of Things;
 But after Ages will such Monsters weed,
 And make the Rogues for their Transgressions bleed.
 S Not the brave Acts of AMMON's fabled Son,
 The mighty Trophies, by Great CESAR won,
 The matchless Wiles of treach'rous HANNIBAL,
 Could greater Wonder to the World recall;
 Large Realms, 'tis true, by Fire and Sword, they gain'd;
 Tho' no long Time their spreading Lands remain'd;
 But when the Earth to prating Pedants bows,
 And no Remorse, or Hope of Freedom shows,
 Silent, I view the Nations, with Surprise,
 That sink in Popish Toils, no more to rise;
 For I behold, each College is a Fort,
 Where Ecclesiastick Myrmadons resort;
 Yet Arms are wanting, and where they're deny'd,
 How can the Pope, for their Defence provide?

P. You

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 159

P. You err. E'en there the Popish Fire affails,
And o'er their Duty, and their Oaths prevails;
Whene'er the Realms with Dangers were alarm'd,
They rais'd the Rebels that the Subjects arm'd.

S. Alas! that thus they vitiate the Schools,
And make them Nurseries of Statesmens Tools,
What a Design was this to batter Kings,
And overturn the ancient State of Things;
These Cords, which now the Subjects Conscience bind,
Are worse than those that SAMPSON'S Arms confin'd;
The Chains are massy, and the Links are strong,
The Guilt's successive, the Duration long:
Such shining Acts my Pen can ne'er record,
Nor half the Praise to their Deserts afford.

P. Our Gold, and Furniture may be purloin'd,
And to the Use of Adversaries join'd;
Our pleasing Palaces in Ruin laid,
Our Wives and Children mournful Captives made;
The Scepter, Force, and Treason may betray,
The Regal Diadem may fly away,
The Kingdom scarce; but it surpasses Thought,
What wond'rous Miracles by Time are wrought:

The

160 Ecclesiastical History.

The brave Defender of Sicily's Coast,
 Who could such Skill in Mathematicks boast,
 Had mov'd the massy World, could he but gain
 Another World, his Engine to sustain;
 If a small Moment of revolving Time
 Could do an Act, so mighty, so sublime;
 The farther Care of each revolving Sun,
 Will add fresh Vigour to the Work begun;
 Till the great Work be to its Height arriv'd,
 And Ages finish, what some Hours contriv'd.

S. What would you have? would you the Schools
 deprive

Of half the Sweets, by which their Numbers thrive?
 Shall these proud Tow'rs a speedy Ruin feel?
 Or After-times your heavy Hand reveal?
 Shall verdant Shades, and flow'ry Banks decay?
 Or why should beauteous Piles a barb'rous Rage be-
 tray?

Take Care, (whilst you a Reformation boast,)
 Left all Remains of tatter'd Truth be lost;
 'Tis sure, a Mass of Vice the Realm confounds,
 And secret Sin, and cloyster'd Lust abounds;

But

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 161

The Church's Ruin may as soon be wrought,
As these vile Schools to Desolation brought,
Which none have finish'd, tho' such Numbers sought.

P. Where Arts are grafted, and where Science grows,
I would not Strength, against the Truth, oppose;
No gilded Turrets can my Envy raise,
No shining Treasures, nor no blooming Bays;
I chiefly wish true Knowledge may revive,
And all the Mists of Ignorance outlive;
That ev'ry Tradesman may his Duty know,
To read the Gospel, and define the Law;
And that each Doctor, with his oily Tongue,
May learn, at last, to know what's Right, and Wrong;
Their various Jars, and Quarrels reconcile,
And grant soft Peace to this lamenting Isle;
Let them consider first the Rules they teach,
And then amongst the Flocks, those wholesom Do-
ctrines Preach.

Some Texts to War, and some to Peace incline,
Tho' All proceeding from a Mouth Divine;
But sacred Pages, sent at sundry Times,
Have lent some Umbrage to the worst of Crimes;

Y

Let

162 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Let them what's just, and truest, truly know,
 Then pour their Doctrines on their Flocks below;
 Let them discern, whom Heaps of Treasures load,
 Who make their golden Calves their chiefest God;
 And who, in plenteous Hoards may safely roul,
 Easy his Mind, and undefil'd his Soul;
 Let them know what to hope, and what to fear,
 Where to give Comfort, where to be severe;
 How to exalt the Meekness of the Just,
 And how to level tow'ring Pride with Dust:
 These, when they know, and can with Wisdom teach,
 And by their Lives, as well as Doctrines, preach;
 When lewd Designs, and Vices they detest,
 And holy Fire inflames each gen'rous Breast;
 When against Sin they most devoutly rail,
 And cease to pray to BACCHUS, or to BAAL:
 Then Golden Ages to the Church will flow,
 Then will the Sweets of Heav'nly CANAAN blow:
 These are the Rules they ought to Teach, and Live,
 By these, they might all Calumnies survive.
 S. But Who's so study'd in this hidden Art,
 As all its curious Secrets to impart?

Few

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 163

Few can its deepest Myſteries reveal,
Or find the Truths that darkſom Cells conceal.

P. A mod'rate Judgment, and no mighty Senſe,
May with a Task like this, with Eaſe, diſpenſe;
This, tho' no Conjuror, I can perform,
Without a Spell, or an Infernal Storm;
His loudly roaring Bulls I ſcorn to fear,
His Lightnings ſtrike not, nor his Thunders tear;
I dread no Terrors from far diſtant Seas,
Nor hope for Favours, but the Nation's Eaſe.

The Earthly Kings were not enough ſubdu'd,
Nor, by His Holineſs's Threat'nings, cow'd;
But mighty Hoards of Riches ſtill remain'd,
Which muſt, by foreign Wars, or civil Broils, be drain'd.
Thoſe, on Pretence of Piety, he ſends,
(Tho' inwardly to ſerve *His pious Ends*;)
By Fire, and Sword, and Peſtilence to fall,
In *Eastern* Lands, till He ſhould graſp their All:
'Tis true, the Croſs was ſtill the grand Pretence;
But few perceiv'd the Pope's myſterious Senſe.

Long had the *Saracens* theſe Lands ſubdu'd,
A People baſe, illiterate, and rude;

164 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

There, Monarchs wave the Cross, in open Air,
 There feel the dismal Scenes of bloody War;
 From Place to Place, in foreign Climes they roam,
 Whilst greater Losses they sustain at Home.
 Now mightier Projects fill his plotting Brain,
 Than Armies wasted, or than Princes slain;
 His former Steps were, with great Caution, trod;
 But now he sends his Summons, like a God;
 Pardons for Sins, of ev'ry Size, and Sort,
 Flow from the Centre of his sacred Court:
 The Scripture says ('tis true) That Christ alone,
 Can for the Crimes of human Race atone;
 But modern Popes, much easier Rules have giv'n,
 And sily found a Postern Gate to Heav'n!
 His Holiness on God's Tribunal sits,
 And all the Sins of sundry Realms remits;
 Tho' After-times may all these Truths deny,
 And wonder how a Priest could climb so high:
 However, Swarms from ev'ry Coast accrew,
 To quit old Scores, and run on Tick for New;
 And none (if he the ready Rhino brought,)
 Return'd disturb'd with any vexing Thought;

For

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 165

For Sod'my some, and some for Rapes resort,
And gain their Pardons, in this Bawdy Court;
For Fornications, for Adult'ries some,
Others for Thefts, and Murders hither come;
At a set Price, each heinous Crime was held,
And All might sin, whilst Store of Cash prevail'd;
No Rapes, or Murthers, Thefts, or Traitors bow'd,
Or could condemn, whilst yellow Harvests flow'd;
But when the Golden Torrents ceas'd to roul,
The meanest Trifle damn'd the greatest Soul:
Like a wise Steward of the Heav'nly Grace,
He deals the future Fate of ev'ry Place,
And makes the Word of God a meer Grimace;
To diff'rent Merits diff'rent Seats assigns,
To Saints, to Martyrs, and to fam'd Divines,
In the bright Regions of the starry Sky,
Where his Ætherial Habitations lie.
DAVID and ABRAHAM lower Places boast,
And the great Gen'ral of the Jewish Host;
The harmless Infants fill the Third Recess,
Whom no Baptifmal Waters chanc'd to Bless:
The

166 Ecclesiastical History.

The Fourth, all Crimes will, for your Alms relieve;
 But ceases purging, when you cease to give;
 There, by the Silver Streams, that daily flow,
 Black Charcoal Sins are wash'd as white as Snow;
 Harlots and Publicans are there refin'd,
 By Store of Wealth, they left the Church behind;
 The lowest Place, a dismal gloomy Cell,
 Where Horror, Darkness, and Confusions dwell,
 Thence pitchy Clouds, and horrid Gloom arise,
 With endless Tellings, and with easeless Sighs;
 There Fiends, and Hereticks in Torments roul,
 To calm the Rackings of a tortur'd Soul:
 But all, alas! they beg Relief in vain,
 No Earthly Pow'r can ease their inward Pain;
 No Rays of Comfort will these Wretches find,
 When for ten thousand Lives they've been confin'd;
 There their tormenting Pains at first began,
 And there their Crimes, and Woes for ever will run on.
 In former Times, when Popish Tenets flow'd,
 The scorching Flames of Purgatory glow'd;
 Then Kings their Scepters to the Pope resign'd,
 Then Wealth by Millions was by them refin'd:

And

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 167

And still they burn in *Italy* and *Spain*,
And in far distant Lands, beyond the watry Plain.

P. Why did the Pope two diff'rent Cells allow,
For ancient Fathers, and the Infant Crew?
Could any Hopes of Gain from thence arise?
Could that his Coffers load, or blind Heretick Eyes.

P. No Patriarchs were in highest Heav'ns plac'd,
Nor with the brightest Beams of Glory grac'd,
Because they merited no such Renown
From the Pope's Hands, their spotless Lives to crown;
Nor were they in the darkest Cells confin'd;
For to the Popes, they had no Harm design'd;
Infants to neither Place, were closely pent,
For to the Church no Good, nor Harm they meant;
But when to riper Years they once were grown,
They to high Seats, or gloomy Caves were shown,
Just as their Minds to Pope's Decrees were known;
Nor did they think the Kings enough subdu'd,
Fresh Plots were hatch'd, and fresh Designs were
brew'd;

New Camps they fix, new bloody Scenes prepare,
With all the Engines of destructive War:

Now

168 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Now Nests of Drones to Princes Closets creep,
 Vile lousy Beggars, which the People keep;
 By whining Cant, and earthly Bounty fed,
 They wrung their Hands, and shed false Tears for Bread;
 But now the Vermin from their Dunghills crawl,
 And basking in the Sun, seek Kingdoms to enthrall;
 Princes, and Peers, with Superstition fill'd,
 Stupendous Piles for those Disturbers build,
 Where loud, their wicked Doctrines, they retail,
 And set their Countries, and their Kings to Sale,
 From whence, in Throngs, to farthest Coasts they hie,
 (For now the Maggot is become a Fly;)
 To distant Climes the dire Contagions spread,
 Load those with Fetters, who before were freed,
 And in their matchless Crimes, to wondrous Heights
 proceed;
 Their Prince's Ears they stun, with false Alarms,
 And punish vulgar Crimes with other Arms;
 All Civil and Religious Rites debase,
 And e'en God's Image, stamp'd on Men, deface;
 From Pow'rs Supream their Subjects Hearts decoy,
 Yea, first the Body, then the Soul destroy;

“ Rather

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 169

‘ Rather than Kings, we must the Gods obey :
Who doubts the Truth of what these Monsters say ?
Yea, when their Words with Sacred Writ agree,
The Moral oft concludes with Treachery ;
That all must yield to the bright Pow’rs Divine,
God’s Laws, and Popish Tenets both combine ;
Slily those Foxes tow’rds the Dying creep,
And, like the Crocodiles, their Quarries weep :
His living Acts, and his departing Sighs,
Extort fresh Tears from these Dissemblers Eyes ;
But still this Counsel joins the Harmony,
With *Give to God, who gave so much to Thee* ;
Thence Domes and Temples so profusely shine ;
For ev’ry dying Person gilds the Shrine :
You’d think the Gods against the Kings were join’d,
And ev’ry doting Confessor design’d,
As Moths in worldly Wealth, to captivate the Mind :
The Secrets of the Hearts, they first reveal,
Which to their Gods they most devoutly tell ;
For in those Times, the Pope was God below,
Since from no Earthly Pow’r, their Majesty they owe :

170 Ecclesiastical History.

LEO, and CHARLES in mutual Bands agree ;
 This should the Spirit, That the Flesh o'ersee ;
 But After-Popes, from their first Father swerve,
 And both the Spirit, and the Flesh reserve ;
 For anciently the Popes obtain'd their choice,
 Not by the Clergy's, but the Emp'r's Voice ;
 But now the Clergy dare dispute his Pow'r,
 And CÆSAR's Rights, like Orphans Lands, devout ;
 Hence, under CONRADE, cruel Broils arose,
 And stain'd the Prospect of the World's Repose ;
 No matter how, or where the Quarrel sprung,
 Which have the right Debate, or which the wrong ;
 Stoutly the *Guelphs* obey'd the Pope's Command,
 The *Gibelines* for CÆSAR's Empire stand ;
 But this long War concludes in FRED'RICK's Shame,
 FRED'RICK, the foremost *Cesar* of that Name,
 Whom the *Venetians* in Confinement held,
 And so the Pope in Triumph gain'd the Field,
 Tho' beat from *Rome*, in *Venice* long conceal'd.
 But what can equal his insulting Pride,
 Who late was forc'd his guilty Head to hide ?

On

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 171

On CÆSAR'S Neck, He domineering stood,
Waving his Hands aloft, and vaunting, like a God.

S. Thus far Ambition has this Fiend unreign'd,
Thus far the Nations have his Plagues sustain'd;
Now nought remains to hope, nor ought to fear,
The Seas seem smiling, and the Skies are clear;
The high and mighty Prelate now prevails,
And thro' the stupid World, his quacking Pray'rs
retails;

But sure one Priest at t'others Arts must smile,
To see how eas'ly his Receipts beguile;
For Priests, and Jugglers in one Circle roul,
One cheats the Eye, the other cheats the Soul;
Well may they Laugh, for Beggars mounted High,
Like warring Giants, strive to scale the Sky;
Booted, and spurr'd, to Satan's Realms they ride,
When, first their King, and then their God's defy'd;
The Kings He humbles, in the Fields of MARS,
With long, and bloody, and expensive Wars;
Urging what Gains, and Glories would accrue;
But they the Toils, and He the Profits drew;

Z >

Then

172 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Then, for the Sake of the Immortal Soul,
 That He, old *Satan's* Force might well controul,
 He strives with Oaths; and Scriptures to dispense,
 And wrests all Authors to his mystrick Sense :
 Thus, tho' the Devil, and the Pope may jar,
 And seem, in Show, to wage a doubtful War ;
 They equally pursue no diff'rent Ends,
 And, in Conclusion, still are hearty Friends ;
 An easy Sway, and uncontested Pow'r,
 Soon makes the Owner, in his Realms secure ;
 He sends his Summons to remotest Lands,
 And far, and wide, extends his dire Commands ;
 For Priests, when acting for a Pow'r Divine,
 Said, *Bread was Bread indeed, and Wine was Wine* ;
 But now the Pope quite diff'rent Methods took,
 And all the Scriptures Rules at once forsook ;
 No more plain Bread and Wine on Altars stood ;
 But 'twas his SAVIOUR's Body, and his Blood ;
 And who, these Popish Tenets dares deny,
 Must from the Christian Realms directly fly ;
 Unless the Wretch in his Devotion-fail,
 And to preserve his Life, will bow the Knee to BAAL :
Nor

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 173

Nor did this Papal Power triumphant grow,
By Noise of Edict, or by Force of Law;
But by meer Pageantry, and empty Show;
The Wise, He would of Errors straight convince,
And shew the learned World their Want of Sense;
That his new Rules were simple, true, and plain,
And what their Noddles might with Ease attain;
But none presum'd his Tenets to out-brave;
For He the Manner of Religion gave:
' Tho' this brown Crust (says He) like Bread appears,
' Your Sense is couzen'd, and your Judgment errs:
If He affirm it to be *Cheshire* Cheese,
Your Faith must bend, your Speeches side with His:
He thinks, and sees, and knows the same with You,
But claims your full Compliance, as His Due:
As when the Stomach is o'ercharg'd with Wine,
Where flowing Bowls around the Table shine,
The latest Dose procures a present Ease,
And makes the Patient's former Sickness cease:
So this Mutation of the Bread alone,
Made many of the Pope's Delusions known:
WALDUS,

174 Ecclesiastical History.

WALDUS, a Man for Wealth, and Wit esteem'd,
 The first in Lyons stately City seem'd,
 Who sacred Pages carefully survey'd,
 And sought not what God was, but what He said;
 His antient Faith, with present Times agreed;
 (For this of ours is not an upstart Creed;)
 Nor did he fear, in darkest Times, to tell
 His Hopes of Heav'n, and gloomy Fears of Hell;
 Tho' they dissenting from the Pope's appear'd;
 Whose motly Doctrines had been long rever'd;
 But whilst the Popish Tereets reign'd sublime,
 Poor Herefy had then a bitter Time:
 Yet these Perswasions thro' all *Gallia* reign'd
 And many Subjects to their Doctrines gain'd;
 Till when the Converts were most num'rous grown,
 In Court, in Camp, in Country, and in Town;
 Princes, and Popes their mutual Forces join'd,
 And against rising Hereticks combin'd:
 Then cruel Wars, for many Years were wag'd,
 And against Truth, with keenest Fury rag'd:
 So spoke the Stars, the Gods had so design'd,
 That Christ small Succour on the Earth should find:

So

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 175

So *Jews*, and *Gentiles* first his Laws withstood;
Now Popes, and Princes shed his Martyrs Blood.

Yet still some Seeds in fruitful Corners fell,
Which did the Doom of Antichrist foretell;
Fir'd with these Thoughts, the raging Lyon roars,
And all th'Infernal Aid, with Pray'rs implores;
The Brand of Heresy's now deem'd a Crime,
Not purg'd by Penance, nor forgot by Time,
And whue'er falls into his murd'ring Hands,
Must bend, and worship, as their Lord commands;
Or, if the Wretch in the least Motion fail,
And scorn to bow his stubborn Knee to BAAI,
The raging Flames will all his Pow'rs assail;
Who swears Submission, and his Oath defies,
A Mark for all their Hellish Fury lies.

S. But could not Kings a due Compassion show,
And Princely Favours on their Slaves bestow?

P. No. Kings, in former Days, by Popes were led,
And with the Husks of Romish Doctrine fed;
The Popes all Pow'r in Church Affairs had seiz'd,
To brand, to burn, or rack whoe'er they pleas'd:

Then

376 Ecclesiastical History.

Then Thunders from the LAT'RAN Synod roul,
 That Princes should all Hereticks controul;
 And if th' Infection in his Realms be found,
 After the Sun has wheel'd his Annual Round,
 By Force, he must his Earthly Pow'r resign,
 The Pope will arm his Foes, his Forces undermine;
 That is, when Kings the Popish Yoke disown,
 He sets some Traytor on the Monarch's Throne;
 The Lords, and Commons His Commands disdain,
 And Death, and grievous Wounds come stalking o'er
 the Plain.
 How shall an injur'd King securely rest,
 When haughty Popes their Laws so vilely wrest,
 And dart their Poyards at his Sacred Breast?
 Yet still their ancient Courses they maintain,
 And, in their hellish Modes, insulting reign;
 Tho' num'rous Hereticks disturb their Peace,
 Infect their balmy Rest, and quell their downy Ease;
 The very Name makes all his Spirits fly,
 His Heart retreats, his boasted Actions lye;
 Who's otherways from Superstition free,
 And boldly dares defy the Deity.

Can

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 177

Can sawcy Spectres *Rome's* grand Prelate scare?
Can Christ's Vicegerent e'er be drown'd with Fear?
Each Pope, with Host, and Holy Water bless'd,
Dares meet all Dangers, that the World infest;
And e'en without, the Sepulchres invade,
Approach the silent Urns, and dare the dismal Shade:
If, with the Thoughts of Gold, their Courage swell,
They bid all childish Bugbears then Farewel;
Their greatest Fears for ever take their Rise,
From Hereticks, who still their Rites despise;
But Fire, and Sword, their dire Commands fulfill,
Their Smiles revive, and where They frown They
kill.

S. Why could not Kings against those Tyrants
join?

And present Ease to future Joys resign?

Why could they not those *Latin* Drones surprize?

Throw off the galling Yoke, and clear the Nation's
Eyes?

P. The Time was not expir'd, each Pope's Decree,
Still shook the Lords, and Commons Loyalty;

A a

Loud

178 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

Loud Thunders reach'd to *Albion's* distant Shore,
His Threats wrought Terror, and his Bulls could
roar;

His pointed Shafts a bloody Field maintain'd,
By Innocents oppress'd, by Martyrs stain'd,
Dreadful his Arms appear'd, and by his Arts, he
reign'd;

But when brave EDWARD reach'd the *English* Throne,
Faint Morning Beams of Gospel Glories shone.

WICKLIFF, at *Oxford*, WALDO's Rules reviv'd,
Which, long before, in *Gallia's* Realms had liv'd;
By clearest Thoughts, and justest Notions sway'd,
He the gross Errors of the Pope display'd;

Whose early Fame, to distant Lands was known,
Who learn'd his Doctrines, sooner than their own;

Whence thro' *Bohemian* Realms, fresh Broils began,
And glowing Rage, the Hereticks o'erun,
E'en from the Morning, to the *Western* Sun;

With fading Pomp, their drooping Cause appears,
And sundry fresh Recruits, dispel the PONTIFF's
Fears.

S. But,

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 179

S. But, how were Hereticks to Wars constrain'd,
Whom no Decrees, nor standing Laws contain'd?
Nor can I think that Cloister'd Rules alone,
Could, for a thousand Ills, with rustick Minds attone;
Safely they Sleep, and lull in calm Repose,
Nor mind how Justice, or Religion goes:
The Sense of sacred Works is known to few,
And these alone, by Judgment can pursue;
But with the grossest Fogs, and Darkness cross'd,
The greatest Part of Human Race is lost;
Small Sense they have, nor do they more require,
Nor any Rules of Good and Ill desire;
The Names, the specious Names alone, remain,
Since bright *ASTRÆA* fled, with all her noble Train;
They call that Just, which is perform'd with Ease,
And that a Crime, which shocks the Author's Peace;
Therefore the base *Bohemian* Boors display
Their shining Arms, against their Monarch's Sway;
In vain they rise, invoke the Gods in vain,
Who slight their impious Pray'rs, and aggravate their
Pain.

180 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

P. That's yet unknown: Howe'er, the God below,
 Who strives the Secrets of all Hearts to know,
 Hates that the Gospel thro' the World should shine,
 With healing Wings of Peace, and Rays Divine;
 But the *Lancastrian* Duke for WICKLIFF rose,
 Against all Dangers of invading Foes;
 Who strove those raging Tyrants to subdue,
 And curb the haughty Pope's insulting Crew;
 But still the Sect within the Realm remain'd,
 By grievous Fines, and heavy Laws restrain'd,
 Whom thickest Woods, and darkest Caves contain'd,
 For HENRY to the Throne in Triumph came,
 HENRY, the Fourth of that auspicious Name;
 By Nobles favour'd, by the People rais'd,
 Whom Vict'ries swell'd, whom great Atchievements
 prais'd;
 He, willing to evade the Clergy's Frown,
 Because his Sire despis'd a shaven Crown,
 First granted them the Full of their Desires,
 To plague th' erroneous Brood, and light up *Smith-*
field Fires;

But

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 181

But scarce one Century disturb'd their Rest,
E'er LEO was of Papal Pow'r possess'd:
When LUTHER first, in *Saxon* Realms, arose,
To rouse the Faith, the Papacy oppose,
Their Cobweb Nets, in many Parts, he rends,
Their Frauds exposes, and the Faith defends;
Explodes their old prevaricating Rules,
Taught by the Fathers, and upheld by Schools,
By whom, what Towns, what mighty Lands were
lost,

How, by Reformers, were their Measures cross'd?
How many Realms, by pious Frauds subdu'd,
Which, to the *Roman* Yoke, devoutly bow'd,
Now curse her Doctrines, and her Priests disdain,
And of their tedious Night of Ignorance complain?
But now that Pow'r is ev'ry where decay'd,
Their Rights exploded, and their Crimes display'd.

S. I guess the rest; but grant this small Request,
And frame your Answer, as becomes you best:
Once, far and wide the *Roman* Pontiff sway'd,
Both *East* and *West*, his spreading Wings survey'd;

On

182 Ecclesiastical HISTORY.

On Monarchs Necks triumphantly He stood,
 And wash'd His Hands sometimes in Royal Blood;
 A hundred Kings obey'd His high Commands,
 And stretch'd His Conquests to remotest Lands;
 The trembling Nations for His Blessings strove,
 Dreading his Thunders, like the Bolts of Jove;
 His num'rous *Pater-Nosters* they repeat,
 And stoop to print soft Kisses on his Feet:
 To *Rome*, the Wealth of ev'ry Nation flow'd,
 There, Vice was rampant, though their Temples
 glow'd;
 Each weary Soul, with Superstition blind,
 Left both his Money, and his Sins behind;
 All Winds conspir'd to raise his worldly Worth,
 The burning *South* Wind, and the chilling *North*;
 From *East* and *West*, his daily Treasures roll'd;
 Whilst none His mighty rising Pow'r controul'd;
 Like Jove, he rul'd the Nations with a Nod,
 Curb'd all their Laws, and revel'd, like a God;
 And such a Height of Majesty he gain'd,
 That all his Wishes were with Ease attain'd;

Mildly

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 183

Mildly the Nations bore the Whip, and Goad,
Nor seem'd to sink beneath the massy Load,
Whilst, in a pompous Pride, the mounted Beggar
rode :

For Strength combin'd, and Spirits press'd with Fear,
What Burthen can't a Nation's Shoulders bear?
This, This alone, distracted Kingdoms joins,
Tho' each, in private, at his Mate repines ;
Their Kings Commands are deem'd the Laws of
Heav'n ;

But when God's Oracles, by Popes are giv'n,
The glorious Messenger confirms the Voice,
The People shout for Joy, and bless the happy
Choice :

Who then would think this Empire 'could decay ?
Or that its mighty Props should wear away ;
When Bands of trusty Mirmidons unite,
By Force, and Fraud, by Flattery, and Spite,
It's strong Foundations to preserve secure,
Against the bold Attempts of ev'ry hostile Pow'r ;
But Time, at length,—What will not waste by Time !
Beat down her Battlements, and Tow'rs sublime :

The

184 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

The *Turkish* Scymiter one Part had gain'd,
 O'er which the Silver Moon, in Triumph reign'd;
 A second Share to LUTHER's Doctrine fell,
 The Clouds dispers'd, the Gospel spread so well:
 Once dismal Days of Darkness we beheld,
 When SOL his bright enliv'ning Beams withheld,
 All were to more than *Egypt's* Fogs compel'd;
 But when the gilded Ruler of the Day,
 Glads the cold Earth, with his refreshing Ray,
 The cheerful Birds in tuneful Concert sing,
 The Fields, and Woods proclaim approaching Spring,
 All tune the Lute, or firing the sounding Lyre,
 Whoe'er his Glories strike, or feel his genial Fire:
 So when the Morning of the Gospel shone,
 And Mists of Roman Ignorance were flown,
 LUTHER (Great Man) the Papal Fetters broke,
 And rescu'd Lands threw off the heavy Yoke;
 New Messengers were sent to Foreign Climes,
 To raise an Empire, and transport her Crimes,
 To farthest Shores, both *East* and *West*, they Sail'd,
 Where Hopes of Empire, or of Gold prevail'd;

Her

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 185

Her former Tendernefs, *Europa* knew,
She therefore durst not her Old Franks renew;
But strove to find some more auspicious Land,
Where haughty Threats might Store of Wealth com-
mand :

And who can tell, but latest Times may view
The Faith triumphing o'er a barb'rous Crew?
When unknown Wonders shall the Lands surprize,
And Temples round *P o r o s s*'s Hills arise,
Whose gilded Spires may seem to touch the Skies:
But We, who have the mighty Burthen born,
(Waited his Motions, and endur'd his Scorn,)
Sent out our Kings, his Holiness to greet,
Laid at his Gates, and humbly kifs'd his Feet;
What Cause could urge him to this strange Disdain,
To dip the Church's Nets in such a stormy Main?

P. In brief, their Cruelty, the *Turkish* Sword,
Contempt of Kings, and Doctrines so absur'd,
Shall all in Order be distinctly laid;
That latest Times, of daring Crimes afraid,
May learn such branded Villains to evade.

B b

S. But

186 *Ecclesiastical* HISTORY.

S. But hold, to whom, and for what Acts of Love,
Will Christ bestow the lasting Joys above?
Where Heavenly Hosts their Halalujahs sound,
Where Qui res of joyful Saints their Maker's Throne
surround.

P. Our Saviour calls the Man compleatly blest,
Whose unaspiring Thoughts few Cares molest;
His Conscience calm, tho' in a low Estate,
Who envies not the Splendor of the Great;
By Nature mild, not to fierce Anger prone,
Who craves no other's Rights, but keeps his own;
Can view his Neighbour's Wealth, with harmless Eyes,
Nor wish for Gold, which in his Treas'ry lyes;
Who strives, with all his Might, the Paths to tread,
Which Saints have shewn, and the MESSIAH led;
Who can his secret Sins, with Tears, lament,
Reject the Tempter, and in Truth repent,
Whose Heart is clean, whose Soul is free from Stain,
Whose Morals just, and whose Religion's plain;
Who seeks contending Parties to unite,
Who sows no Scandal, nor provokes no Fight;
Who,

Ecclesiastical HISTORY. 187

Who, from his Heart, his Brother's Faults forgives,
And with no worldly Woes, nor Losses grieves ;
Who ne'er at Heaven's impartial Hand repines,
But his whole Will to God's Decree resigns :
Lastly, who leaves his Load of Crimes behind,
To Justice, Mercy, and to Grace inclin'd ;
His Soul from Fear of Hellish Rage shall save,
Whose Sins are sunk in His Redeemer's Grave.

F I N I S.



Ecceffical History. 187

Who from the stream, his brother's tears forgives,
And with no worthy tears, nor losses grieves;
Who never at Heaven's imperial Hand repines,
But his will to God's Grace resigns;
Lastly, who leaves his Father's Crown behind,
To Justice, Mercy, and to Grace incline;
His soul from earth's off-shoots free shall have,
Whole she and link in the Father's Grace.

F I W I S





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